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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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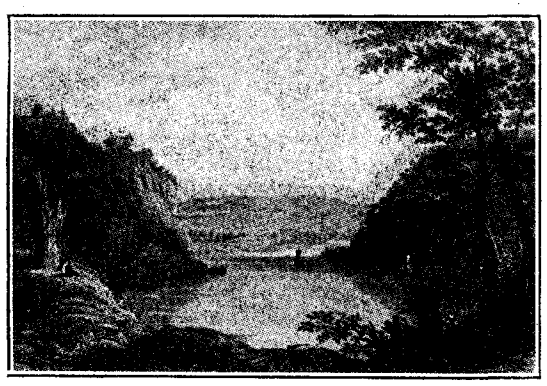

HARPER'S FERRY
(From an old engraving)

"So Is Now Official Sinning"

DEAR SENATOR. By McCready Huston. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1928.

Reviewed by Elmer Davis

HERE is a novel that ought to be a required textbook in civics in every school in the United States. Under a screen of fiction, it gives the best account known to this reviewer of the way this country is actually governed at the present day, and of the sort of men who govern it. Sinclair Lewis might have done it, but would not have done it so well, to any but the most bigoted *Mercurian* taste; the Lewis of "Elmer Gantry," if not the Lewis of "Babbitt," would have lost his temper and ruined his argument by shrieking overstatement. Huston treats his politicians with the scientific coolness, the dispassionate precision, that any entomologist might employ in the study of any insects. The result is a book which must make the patriotic American citizen feel like moving to Afghanistan, or jumping into the sea.

The scene of the novel is a state called Illyria, which is obviously Indiana, but most of the material would fit most other states; the politicians involved are Republicans, but they could as well be Democrats in a state where the Democrats have things their own way. In following the rise of Honest Dan Meredith, one of the original Harding men in Illyria, a Senator at the close of the story with the White House rising before him in not too misty prospect, Mr. Huston sets forth the reasons why "a man might be President in this country, the way we work things, and still have a misspent life." So says one of the newspapermen through whose eyes the reader sees these politicians. It is a newspaperman who tells the story of Dan Meredith, and his own story more or less interwoven with it. In itself the history of this narrator, Jim Preston (not the well known Jim Preston of the Senate Press Gallery) is not particularly exciting, and probably Mr. Huston did not mean it to be; it was probably intended to give, and certainly succeeds in giving, to the story of Dan Meredith a curious sense of veraciousness, a conviction in the reader that this is not fiction but a true history. As, in all essentials, it is.

Dan Meredith wanted to be a farmer; but his father, who had moved into town and become a realtor, intended him for "the law business," with politics on the side. While Dan was still rebellious against his destiny he encountered an unexpected crisis, and responded with quick and accurate thought and courageous and decisive action. And then he met three men high in politics back home who took

(*Continued on page* 164)

"His Soul Goes Marching On"*

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE Civil War is a sword cut across American history. Before it there is one United States, and after it another, and yet there is only one body, and the arteries run through. What songs they would have sung in New England, what romances written in the South, is unknown. An unborn future moulders with John Brown's body in the grave.

> The new mechanic birth
> No longer bound by toil
> To the unsparing soil
> Or the old furrow line,
> The great metallic heart
> Expanding West and East,

which is America today, knows little of its own past, has been taught only formalities of state rights or economic destiny. There has been little of that time-defeating literature conveying the emotional truth that makes "Henry V." better English history than a sober chronicle. The American poets and philosophers of the Golden Age of literature in the mid-century were aware of individuals and localities, but not of the nation. If Transcendentalism was too large for lyrics, it was also too local for a national drama. Even Whitman had to imagine a democracy of the future in order to get his theme. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that one must skip from the empty rhetoric of the Columbiads, premature epics of a nation, to the satire of Sinclair Lewis in order to find a vital literature concerned with the great theme of a national life.

Yet for seventy years the Civil War has been waiting for its poet. As a theme it has richer possibilities than any other Western struggle since the seventeenth century, with the probable exceptions of the French, the Russian, and the Industrial Revolutions. Hardy resorted to tragic irony in order to lift the Napoleonic Wars above a complex of skill, disaster, and the breakdown of monarchy. But our Civil War is dramatic with a sharp and simple theme—karma: destiny as determined by irrevocable acts, a conflict of two civilizations bound together like twin enemies in a trap of their own making, the heavy payment of innocent men for the will of their ancestors, the fierce struggle of moral codes unlike though resemblant, the cruel consequence of an impersonal economics pouring like a rich slide over happy valleys.

Of course the troubled mid century of the United States had to become a wake on the horizon before it could be written about effectively at all. The alliance of fanatic New England idealism and pushing economic energy which crushed the static civilization of the South had to find its blend and level in the Age of Material Comfort that followed, the vanquished South had to get done with sentimentalizing its past, before there could be more than lyric or melodrama written of the conflict as a whole.

It seems, too, that the Civil War was too modern in its aspects, by which I mean too much of a people's war, familiar, sordid, wide-reaching, disillusioning, to be made into literature by the old methods. It was not Shakespeare's kind of a war, nor Addison's, nor Byron's, nor Tennyson's, nor Kipling's even. The age of plain people and scientific education had to pass through its naturalistic stages before Bull Run and slavery, Lincoln, Jeff Davis, and the psychology of cultures, could be taken over into an intelligible literature.

And hence it is no derogation to Stephen Benét's broad and stirring saga, to say that time and events have made it possible. Neither he nor we could have known what a people's war meant before 1914-1918. A generation ago, before the United States became a Power and began to be described in terms less naive than Manifest Destiny, it would have been impossible to make a unity of all this confusion. We did not know enough economics, could not get the rights and wrongs in perspective, would have been content either with odes on the North and pæans on the South, or with local color sketches like Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage."

But that mid-century America is now as dead as the Past ever is. It is an Age, a Period, a Phase, still familiar but in no immediate sense Us. It is an analyzable America that might have become something different. It is heroic, wrong-headed, shameful, potent, like all Pasts, in a different mode from ours. It is a major premise for modern America, but active only in the results of the syllogism. We can see it now as we see the Revolutionary fathers, acutely and sympathetically, but as something familiar, yet strange, that lived before our times. And this is a pre-requisite for successful studies of the Past. It must be a real Past for the imaginative artist, where he can reconstruct according to his own interests (since the Present only is alive), remaking a Crisis according to its significance for history, which means, of course, for him and for us.

And I think also that "John Brown's Body" owes quite as much to the wave of realism in literature that has rolled up between us and that past. It is

* "JOHN BROWN'S BODY." By Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.50.

This Week

"John Brown's Body."
Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*

"A Journey to the Land of Eden."
Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

"The Bishop's Wife."
Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*

"The Ring Fence."
Reviewed by *Earl A. Aldrich.*

"Does Civilization Need Religion?"
Reviewed by *Bernard Iddings Bell.*

"The History of Music."
Reviewed by *Carl Engel.*

Three at Carmel.
By *Mary Austin.*

An English Spire.
By *David McCord.*

Next Week, or Later

Culture and Agriculture.
By *Charles A. Beard.*

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both a tribute to the climax of realism, which was naturalism, and a sign of its passing. A romantic poem, rising to heights of eloquence, and singularly rich in passages of lyric sweetness, so that, unlike any of the American poetry of the last two decades, it moves the reader to emotional enthusiasm, it is beautiful as well as intricate, and has as much pathos as excitement, as much sentiment as intellectual analysis. And yet it is as realistic as it is romantic. The Jake Diefers and the Baileys and the Shippys, the prostitutes with Confederate flags on their garters, the rough-neck business of war, and the small-town emotions; the ease with which the poet gets off his high horse when Lee has ridden past on Traveller, so that he shall get it all in, the homely with the sublime, without losing his grip on the significance of the whole;—this he has learned from naturalistic fiction, from the Zolas, the Dreisers, the Andersons, the Wellses and the Bennetts, and also from the Frosts, the Lindsays, and the Masterses that Conservatives have been deploring.

And he has taken his zig-zag continuity, where, like pictures on a screen, or memories in the consciousness, the noble and the mean, the tragic and the funny, pass and break and are picked up again and dropped, from James Joyce and the movies, from the behaviorists and the impressionists. No, this poem could not have been written twenty years ago.

I am describing "John Brown's Body" rather than analyzing it, because I cannot with any justice analyze it in a limited space and describe it too. It has been widely read, and will be still more widely read, for it is not one of your *tours de force* of intellect and technique to be admired and then tucked away on the library shelf. It is a library of story telling itself, a poem extraordinarily rich in action as well as actors, vivid, varied, and so expressive of many men and moods that prose could never have carried its electric burden. Benét has as many voices as an organ. He has the art of suspense and the gift of movement which our intellectual poets definitely lack when they try to tell a story. He has a suavity of diction, when he wants it, which is dangerous in pure lyric but indispensable to a fine narrative poem. He knows how to raise the cloud no bigger than a man's hand with his opening scene on a slaver captained by a fanatic. He has the sense for drama which chooses as his protagonist, not Lincoln who carried through, but the tough-fibred individualist, John Brown, blind to immediate consequence, a stone of fate for hammering walls, Thoreau's John Brown who had the mad courage to put his conscience against reason, a man pre-doomed to failure, whose soul went marching on. He has the broad vision of the historian of the modern type, who considers vanity, greed, ignorance, the cotton in the fields, fear, things inanimate as well as animate, until history becomes as complex as life—and much too complex for a historian to strike into a unity. And yet, as the artist must, he holds to his line of significance—not slavery, not economic rivalry, not race prejudice, but the struggle of individuals caught in karma. Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, Lee and Grant, Ellyat of Connecticut, Wingate of Georgia, Bailey of Illinois, Jake Diefer of Pennsylvania, the runaway negro, Spade, Sally Dupré, the subtle Jew Benjamin, all fighting in the irresistible tide of events sweeping through a broken dam toward chaos, all touched somewhere, somehow by great issues.

This poem, indeed, is good history, but it is also good art. I am not inclined to be apologetic with the poet for his nationalistic theme—

> So, from a hundred visions, I make one,
> And out of darkness build my mocking sun.
> And should that task seem fruitless in the eyes
> Of those a different magic sets apart
> To see through the ice-crystal of the wise
> No nation but the nation that is Art,
> Their words are just. . . .
> Art has no nations—but the mortal sky
> Lingers like gold in immortality.
> This flesh was seeded from no foreign grain
> But Pennsylvania and Kentucky wheat,
> And it has soaked in California rain
> And five years tempered in New England sleet.

We shall have passed beyond the need of national art when we shall have passed beyond nations, or rather, when the possibilities of a culture vibrant with home and tradition shall have been exhausted. Art has no nations, but it must be born somewhere, and the American must make his own his own before it can be good for others. If great events of which our own people have been part and parcel do not move us, there is little chance for a great literature built upon the Arthurian legends or the League of Nations.

Indeed it is the intense nationalism of "John Brown's Body" that is perhaps responsible for its esthetic importance, which is not equalled, I should say, by any recent American book. For Benét is writing as Shakespeare wrote in his Histories, and Racine in his tragedies, and Vergil in the Æneid, on a great theme in which he himself has a vested interest. He cannot, and he does not, take the view of that modernistic literature from which he borrows so much in technique, that the writer should be, as a young modernist has recently said, a skilful reporter merely of phenomena whose meaning he does not pretend to understand. His poem is composed, significant, and bound together in a moral unity. Naturalism has made us afraid of significance. Sur-realism and all the other isms have been disintegrating. They may have gathered up some truth, but they have certainly rotted out the purpose in literature. They may have certain advantages in depicting a confused present, but there is no valid argument for extending their method of incoherence to the human scene at large. Even if there has been no meaning to life, the artist, being human, must strive to create one. And it is clear that, morally, there has been a meaning.

Indeed, the attempt to divorce morality from art has only the value of a chemist's experiment. He takes apart his substance in the hope of finding what holds it together. The suspended atoms, the divorced elements, have no final value in themselves. It is the laws of the whole that he seeks. But the literary artist has been persuaded that his kaleidoscope of society has a value *per se*. He has jumped to the conclusion that nature is incoherent, and so shows only incoherence, or chooses for his scene a photographic picture in which excrement and an Oriental rug are made of equal importance.

"John Brown's Body" seems to me the first American literary work of scope and importance in which this vicious practice has been successfully transcended. For here is the inconsequentiality, the uncertainness, the mingled grossity and valor of life, the vividness of minute experience, all organized by a moral significance which in this fateful period can be shown to have given one meaning, at least, to the whole. It is the method and point of view of the great poems of the past—but this does not prove that it is wrong. His subject is a Past. On the present he does not speculate, but merely says "it is here." Perhaps only a fool expects to grasp the significance of a present, but certainly only an impressionist can write of life at all unless he tries to grasp the moral organization which makes it different from the mechanics of a coral reef.

Well, that is what "John Brown's Body" seems to mean for general literature. To leave these heights of criticism and come down to the valley of appreciation is grateful, for surely a year in which such a book as this is published is red-lettered for American literature.

Benét's general plan is to drive a straight road of historical narrative through the years of crisis, beside which wind the personal stories of his chief characters, some of whom are historical, others types. For his history, he has chosen a blank verse of five or six stresses, planed down almost to prose; often it is prose, and sometimes is written as such:

> Now the scene expands, we must look at the scene
> as a whole.
> How are the gameboards chalked and the pieces set?
> There is an Eastern game and a Western game.

The style rises and falls with the emotions of his theme. But for his personal stories, the Georgian Wingates and Sally Dupré, Cudjo the negro butler, Ellyat the Connecticut intellectual, and the rest, there is an extraordinary variety of rhythmic movements. The versatility of his poetic style is unusual. He can do anything except the organ line in which blank verse reaches its highest powers, and perhaps for this reason the historical center of his poem is the least impressive portion, although an excellent foil for the lyric movements that surround it. Lincoln in meditation is more effective than all his accounts of Lincoln, and the silent mystery of Lee is less striking just because Lee is silent. Benét is at his best as a dramatic lyricist. Yet where most epic poets are weak, he is strong. The humorous realism of his soldiers is excellent, yet I like him best of all in those incidental narratives, touched or driven by great events yet shining with their own light of merely human interest. The negroes are the truest I know in American poetry.

As a type of his skill in this mode, as well as of his lyric power, I should choose the lovely and highly original episode of the hiders—the New Englander bred of Thoreau's kind, half-oriole, half-fox, seeking with his family the wilderness stone in the woods between the lines:

> This is where hiders live
> This is the tentative
> And outcast corner where hiders steal away
> To bake their hedgehogs in a lump of clay.
> To raise their crops and children wild and shy
> And let the world go by
> In accidental marches of armed wrath
> That stumble blindly past the buried path.
> Step softly, step like a whisper, but do not speak
> Or you will never see
> The furriness curled within the hollow tree,
> The shadow-dance upon the wilderness-creek.
> This is the hider's house.
> This is the ark of pine-and-willow-boughs.
> This is the quiet place.
> You may call now, but let your call be sweet
> As clover-honey strained through silver sieves
> And delicate as the dust upon the moth
> Or you will never find your fugitives.
> Call once, and call again,
> Then, if the lifted strain
> Has the true color and substance of the wild,
> You may perceive, if you have lucky eyes,
> Something that ran away from being wise
> And changed silk ribbons for a greener cloth,
> Some budding-horned and deer-milk-suckled child,
> Some lightness, moving toward you on light feet
> Some girl with indolent passion in her face.

An individualist, scornful of war, holding his own in the woods with a plague on both your houses, caught back into the turmoil by the light feet of his daughter Melora in love with a soldier, philosophizing as he goes—there is more of the little understood spirit of the golden age of American individualism in this study of a runaway from worldly wisdom than any young man has a right to possess. But not too much of the poetry of love—

> What things shall be said of you,
> Terrible beauty in armor?
> What things shall be said of you,
> Horses riding the sky?
> The fleetness, the molten speed,
> The rhythm rising like beaten
> Drums of barbaric gold
> Until fire mixes with fire?

Indeed I must leave this sketch of a complex epical structure in order to quote, if only by lines, from its pure poetry.

The negroes sing—

> Ah Lordy Je-sus
> Won't you come and find me?
> They put me in jail, Lord,
> Way down in the jail.
> Won't you send me a pro-phet
> Just one of your prophets
> Like Moses and Aaron
> To get me some bail?

The new States crowd in at the frontier door—

> The buckskin-states, the buffalo-horned, the wild
> Mustangs with coats the color of crude gold.
> Their bodies, naked as the hunter's moon,
> Smell of new grass and the sweet milk of the corn.
> Defiant virgins, fiercely unpossessed
> As the bird-stars that walk the night untrodden.
> They drag their skies and sunsets after them
> Like calico ponies on a raw-hide rope,
> And who would ride them must have iron thighs
> And a lean heart, bright as a bowie-knife.

It is Fall in Georgia—

> Fall of the possum, fall of the 'coon,
> And the lop-eared hound-dog baying the moon.
> Fall that is neither bitter nor swift
> But a brown girl bearing an idle gift,
> A brown seed kernel that splits apart
> And shows the Summer yet in its heart.

Lincoln speaks—

> Men tracked dirt in the house and women
> like carpets.
> Each had a piece of the right, that was all
> most people could stand.

The Confederacy falls—

> The years ride out from the world like couriers gone to a throne
> That is too far for treaty, or, as it may be, too proud;
> The years marked with a star, the years that are skin and bone.
> The years ride into the night like envoys sent to a cloud. . .
>
> Perhaps they are merely gone, as the white foam flies from the bit,
> But the sparkling noise of their riding is ever in our ears.—
> The men who came to the maze without foreknowledge of it,
> The losers and the finders, under the riding years.

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I feel that this survey of "John Brown's Body" is unusually inadequate, even for criticism which must always let so much more slip through its fingers than can be held. I should like to consider Benét's thoughtful study of a Lincoln which preserves both his homeliness and his poetry, comment on his very interesting view of Jefferson Davis, the honest orator, weigh his analysis of the inner meaning of the conflict, and discuss his quite unexpected resolution of the whole tragedy into the triumph of a machine age that knows neither John Brown nor morality. Politically, it is a non-partisan poem, spiritually it is Northern. The fanaticism of the North as well as its commercialism he accepts as irrevocable, the romance of the South he makes as brittle as its charm and haunting melancholy are persuasive. The Connecticut Ellyat and rough boys from Illinois and Pennsylvania are much more convincing than Wingate and his Black Horse Troop, because they have psychologies while the Southerners are chiefly manners and fate. This is not true of his women. Sally Dupré, next to Melora, is his best; the Northern women are shadows. The answer lies probably in his own experience and is not important. We are not far enough yet from the 1860s to view Greeks and Trojans with even Homer's impartiality. I sang "Hang John Brown on a sour apple tree" myself as a child in a border State, while idolizing Lincoln. I remember Spade, still in his torn and faded army overcoat, twenty years after Jake Diefer gave him a job.

This poem is clearly a poem of the transition. In spite of the firm grip upon purpose and significance, it is too fluent for a classic taste, bursting out at corners, pouring and flashing and jumping and zigzagging through wide margins, where, when we have got on top of all the fascinating new material that realism has been gathering for us, we shall be more selective, restrained, intense. There will be more in every line and less broadcast through pages. The margins of experience will be attained by sheer skill of imaginative suggestion rather than by excessive roaming back and forth in the story. I think that this is a fair criticism of "John Brown's Body," though in no sense a suggestion for revision. This poem could have been done successfully only this way now, and it is an immense credit to Benét that he has been able to recreate the rough and tumble, sweet and sour of an epoch with a modern imagination, and yet hold it all in one grand theme. If this is what comes of sending poets to Paris on a Guggenheim fellowship, let us send them all there. But there is no such simple prescription for genius. I should say rather that this is what happens when an able poet rises to a great theme that sings in his blood until—

> Where the great huntsmen failed, I set my sorry
> And mortal snare for your immortal quarry.

A New World Eden

A JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF EDEN, AND OTHER PAPERS. By WILLIAM BYRD. New York: Macy-Masius. 1928. $2.50.

NICK OF THE WOODS. By ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD. The same.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

EXCEPT for Bartram's Travels, Mr. Mark Van Doren has included no more interesting or valuable title in his "American Bookshelf" than William Byrd's papers of colonial travel. Not merely do these papers constitute one of the earliest important contributions to American literature—the journeys they record having been performed in the years 1728-33, they are also models of graphic and human narrative. Col. Byrd of Westover was a hearty, fullblooded type of the eighteenth century English gentleman, a man of the world, who had practised law in the Middle Temple, known the courts of England and France, travelled over a good part of Europe, and enjoyed life robustly before and after he emigrated to the Old Dominion. He had humor, gusto, and freshness of observation. He puts something of Fielding into his racy and outspoken picture of Carolina society two centuries ago. Mr. Van Doren might have called the volume, as Edmund Ruffin of Virginia did when he first published it in 1841, "The Westover Manuscripts," or he might have given it the prosaic title usually employed, "The History of the Dividing Line"; but he wisely used another phrase of Byrd's, and "A Journey to the Land of Eden" somehow strikes the keynote of the book accurately. There was an actual Edenton in North Carolina; Col. Byrd tells us that they could not keep a minister, for "unfortunately the priest has been too lewd for the people, or, which oftener happens, they are too lewd for the priest." But when Byrd spoke of his journey to Eden he was showing his sly humor.

One hardly knows which to admire most in Byrd's papers: his account of physical nature in the raw, or of human nature in even a somewhat rawer state. His journey to mark the dividing line between Carolina and Virginia was a real tour of discovery in an unexplored region. It led him at once into the morasses, the whortleberry slashes, and the bamboo-briers of that "mighty bog," the Great Dismal. He suffered the hardships of soaking rain, impassable ground, and short rations, and he bore them all philosophically. Indeed, his playful humor crops out constantly, as in his calling "a noisy impetuous stream" Matrimony Creek, and in his comment upon the enjoyment his men found in a soup made of boiled bearskin—"I believe the praises they gave it were more owing to their good stomach than to their good taste." He tells us of the wild

ROBERT NATHAN

turkeys, which weigh upwards of fifty pounds; of the bitter rattlesnake root, which the serpent hates so much "that if you smear your hands with it, you may handle the viper safely"; and of the sugar-tree, which if tapped in February furnishes "twenty to forty gallons of liquor, very sweet to the taste." A paragraph describes the bear's strange way, in those years, of eating pigs: "they do not kill it right out, and feast upon its blood and entrails, like other ravenous beasts, but having seized it with their paws, they begin first upon the rump, and so devour one callop after another, the poor animals crying all the while." No more horrifying picture of a scalping has been given than that in Col. Byrd's pages. But his pungency is greatest when he comes to the poor inhabitants of the region, both white and Indian. His men, he thought, might have been tempted by the squaws, but for the fact that "the whole winter's soil was so crusted on the skins of these dark angels, that it required a very strong appetite to approach them." He observed that the white pioneers of North Carolina, like the Indian braves, compelled their women-folk to do all the work; and he offers an amusing sketch of a cracker farmer indolently looking over the fence at his tobacco crop and deciding that he is too tired to hoe it. Some nooks of the region hid extraordinary human specimens, like the naked oyster-gatherers of Coratuck Inlet, who "live in a state of nature, and are mere Adamites, innocence only excepted."

Robert Bird's "Nick of the Woods" is an interesting novel, but by no means difficult to procure in other formats. Mr. Van Doren tells us that it went through some twenty editions following its first publication in 1837; and it might be added that it has been kept available in the cheap fifty-cent reprints that to-day have an obscure but constant sale. A tale of Kentucky after the Revolution, it offers a spirited picture of the pioneers, and a highly prejudiced impression of the Indians. Indeed, one of its chief points of interest lies in the contrast between its bloody, base, and merciless savages and the noble red man of Fenimore Cooper.

Rich Bouquet

THE BISHOP'S WIFE. By ROBERT NATHAN. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

IT is high time that the general learn how delicious Mr. Nathan's caviar can be. Since in his latest work this caviar is not only delicate, but spicy and accompanied by a most potable version of what should accompany caviar, there seems to be no good reason why the book should not prove as delectable to the public as to the critics. To be sure, the wine therein is especially rich in bouquet, a beverage to be sipped rather than quaffed, and sipped slowly so that its fragrance and smoothness may linger. Those who like to be knocked flat by their satire had best turn elsewhere; this is a volume for readers who prefer to be tickled by the flick of a foil rather than pounded by the loaded end of a bludgeon.

The Bishop in the present instance is the Right Reverend Henry Brougham, a man whose creed was stern and simple. It demanded of him, among other things, that he "love the meek who were to inherit the earth, and also the strong, to whom it already belonged." This was the more necessary because the Bishop's dreams took the form of a beautiful marble cathedral, "rising into the clouds, and including upon the grounds an office building with elevators and improvements." When the story opens, the Bishop is in great need of an archdeacon to help him in his good works and especially in his accounts. He prays for a pious, energetic, and tactful man ("God, he reflected, and the bankers love a tactful man"), and his prayer is answered. God sends him Michael, one of His own angels, to be his archdeacon.

* * *

Michael, however, takes none too kindly to his post. He feels uncomfortable not only in the Bishop's church but in his household. To be sure, the new assistant is most effective in the matter of contributions: he readily beguiles Mr. Cohen, as one business man—and one Jew—to another, into promising an altar for the new cathedral. But he finds the Bishop's sermons very difficult to endure. And the Bishop's golden-haired wife causes him even greater concern. This beautiful young woman's knowledge of "Heaven and youth, of Eden, and of joy" is not at all what it should be. From her frigid and dutiful husband she has learned all too little of such matters. Michael longs to teach her. The Bishop, to be sure, is not wholly blind to the situation existing between his wife and his assistant. He reasons sensibly enough that the angel, being divine, no doubt loves Julia with a pure and heavenly love. Still, he determines to give his archdeacon a little holiday.

The scenes between Michael and Julia are tender and beautiful, as well as gently flecked with irony, but perhaps the loveliest pages in the book belong to Julia's child, Juliet—Juliet, who cries herself to sleep when the plumber is not allowed to kiss her goodnight, Juliet, who loves everyone, even her cousin Potter, though he is not a very "distractive" little boy and never wants to play nicely with her, but insists on playing alone and being watched. In this and in many other respects Juliet and her playmates neatly reflect the thoughts and actions of their elders, yet they remain at all times thoroughly real and adorable children.

Mr. Nathan's method of approach is the way of the goldfinch with the thistledown, or of the unconcerned robin guilelessly cocking his head before the peck. Moreover the words that he uses are as cobwebs to catch the dew of his thought, delicately patterned filaments, exactly adequate to the burden glistening upon them. In short, to say that "The Bishop's Wife" has beauty, charm, wit, and wisdom is not to overpraise the book.

"Since it was opened as a museum two years ago Stevenson's birthplace at 8 Howard Place, Edinburgh, has been visited by 3,000 pilgrims from all parts of the world," says *John O'London's Weekly*. "The exhibits are well worth seeing. They include many letters, manuscripts, and personal belongings, and pictures of life in Samoa. One of the most interesting relics, however, is the inlaid linen press given by Stevenson to Henley. It was made by Deacon Brodie, whose duplicity, it is said, suggested the story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

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The Breed of Laughter

THE RING FENCE. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by EARL A. ALDRICH

IT is a good review that can make even one point about its subject, and a good book that gives the reviewer one real excellence to talk about. "The Ring Fence" is therefore like the mistress of the Boar's Head Tavern, a thing to thank God on, for it has at least three excellences, and demands three points. In the first place, it has form, and the form has magnitude. To the confirmed novel-reader, who may be tired of novelettes, or of attenuated biographies, this means something. It means a chance to admire the dexterity of the craftsman who can spin three threads of narrative at once, without for an instant confusing his reader or letting him forget any part of the story; and it means that there is a substantial expanse of pleasure before him.

In the second place, "The Ring Fence" does not force its characters. Dr. Johnson would have said that it observes decorum, but the word is out of date in both letters and manners. Dr. Johnson would have meant that the characters are true to type, that they act and think and talk as Devonshire farmers and poultrymen and publicans act and think and talk; they are not the vehicle for the author's theories, or sentimentalized, or made over into primitive great strong men. They are sturdy and shrewd and illiterate and racy as peasants are in life and ought to be in literature. Evidently Mr. Phillpotts loves them, and loves them too well to make them into anything more than they are. Moreover, he is too good an artist to force them into molds, or to color them by his own dreams. He sees in them and their daily lives enough matter for a story without falsifying them in a *tour de force*.

Finally, "The Ring Fence" has humor, rich, abundant, never-failing. Its inexhaustibility is amazing. One would say that it could not last the book out; but it does last, and it is as good at the end as at the beginning. These Devonshire people are in the genuine tradition of English fun. Think of what that is, how genial it is, what a tang it possesses! The folk troop up in droves; Shakespeare's countrymen, and Smollett's; Scott's and Dickens's; George Eliot's and Hardy's. Here are Phillpotts's, and they are of the same stock. The breed of laughter runs clear and true. Yet it will not do to quote their good things, any more than Falstaff's, for they are too much bound up in the character for that, and lose their flavor as wild apples do when not eaten out of doors. But the book is full of them, nearly four hundred pages, and we can say with John Dryden, "Here is God's plenty."

Is Modern Religion Modern?

DOES CIVILIZATION NEED RELIGION? By REINHOLD NIEBUHR. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

IT must be indicative of something that the annual output of published treatises on matters mystical has more than doubled in the last five years. It may, perhaps, imply that more and more of us are "fed-up" on mechanism. The demand seems greater than the adequate supply. If this were not true, we should not find such a deal of rubbish issued, with jackets containing appealing blurbs and insides containing nothing to speak about. Under a somewhat banal title, which one suspects was devised by the publisher rather than by the author, Mr. Niebuhr, pastor of Bethel Church in Detroit, has written one such book which deserves to be read. Its thoughtfulness, simplicity, and sincerity are a pleasant relief in a flood of volumes about religion almost all of which are either sentimental or deadly dull.

It is not likely that Mr. Bruce Barton's public will welcome Mr. Niebuhr's work. He lacks a bouncing sprightliness. But to those who, like this reviewer, find the rotarian approach to such matters as love and death and God somewhat of an impertinence, this lack will seem a virtue even though it probably will result in a comparatively small and discriminating sale. Mr. Niebuhr's thoughts are not easiest approached with "Cheer, cheer the gang's all here" as a prelude. Its philosophy is also unwelcome to the booster. The author says plainly that most contemporary religion, certainly most Protestantism, in its reaction against the Reformation doctrine of man's total depravity, has "evolved a sentimental over-estimate of human virtue which is no nearer the truth." He insists that modern churches are making this mistake "at the very time when science tempts men to despair. . . . Modern religion is, in short, not sufficiently modern. In it eighteenth-century sentimentality and nineteenth-century individualism are still claiming victory over the ethical and religious prejudices of the Middle Ages. Meanwhile life has "moved on" and, Mr. Niebuhr thinks, we have grave need now-a-days of "a religion which is not unqualifiedly optimistic. . . . Sentimentality is a poor weapon against cynicism." This man seems to know more than most parsons do about the twentieth century. He is refreshing in this; most preachers seem still to be living in the nineteenth. Here is a man with penetration enough to perceive that the churches "would have done well to consult Thomas Huxley more and Herbert Spencer less," and who knows that modernism is a reflection not of the scientific spirit but of Rousseau and romanticism.

Mr. Niebuhr's practical demand is for a new asceticism. The author convincingly states that this must not be Puritan in nature, since the Puritan was an ascetic not for the glory of God but for the sanctifying of economic power. When he says that the new asceticism must not, either, be monastic in nature, he somehow does not seem on such sure ground. He does say that monasticism fled the responsibilities of economic power. How he can make out a case for that contention is a little difficult to see. Certainly Henry VIII did not suppress the English monasteries because they were economic non-participants. Moreover, monasticism did in the Middle Ages produce exactly those "spiritualized technicians" for whom Mr. Niebuhr longs, who shall "conquer and exploit nature in the interest of human welfare but scorn to take a larger return from industry than is justified by carefully scrutinized needs."

In some sense at least, the author thinks, what Christianity, Protestant as well as Catholic, must have if it is again to inspire respect or to furnish to an increasingly despairing society a dynamic now lacking, is not more modernists but more monks, not a new faith but some new friars.

So Is Now Official Sinning

(*Continued from page* 161)

him up on an exceeding high mountain and showed him the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them. Thereafter Dan Meredith, though he turned to look back occasionally, never thought originally or acted bravely; and the reader who follows this biography of a politician forgets that Huston is writing a novel till the last pages bring the tale to a dramatic and ironic conclusion.

Mr. Huston's narrator is, at the outset, an ordinary newspaperman who takes things as he finds them without blowing up in futile indignation; and he keeps that attitude pretty successfully through the book. He shows you what politicians are and how they behave, and in the main lets you draw your own conclusions; he calls theft theft, now and then, but he does not go out of his way to denounce it, possibly feeling that any denunciation would be pointless in a book addressed to the American voter. There are times when mere constatition is effective enough, for those who have ears to hear. So far as what Mr. Mencken would call the gaudier aspects of our rulers are concerned, his moderation may be surprising and disappointing. His politicians are mostly hard drinkers, and the dryer the drunkener; but they are not much given to women. "The common condition was a sort of unhappy chastity," a chastity due to fear; no sensible office holder would do anything that would give a woman a chance to blackmail him, whereas if he sat around a hotel room and got drunk with the boys nobody would give him away. Besides, no politician in this moral age and nation could afford even a friendly separation from his wife; "he might steal, or wreck a bank, or surround himself with criminals in office; but he might as well come out against prohibition as disclose a conflict with the woman to whom he was yoked." Moral cowardice and party regularity are the cardinal virtues; "the thing that was not wanted, the thing that would disqualify, was originality."

Mr. Huston has the art that conceals art; his novel becomes a novel when it suits his purposes, but in the main it is, and reads like, the best sort of political reporting, faintly tinged with editorial comment. There are some shrewd and discerning observations on women in politics; the old-time male politician distrusts the woman politician who drinks like a man, swears like a man, and is a good deal more willing than the men to go in for promiscuous amours. He distrusts her because he likes the old-fashioned woman; but the old-fashioned woman follows her lead with enthusiasm. "The good wives of the solid citizenry envied her complete freedom, her defiance of feminine restraint, the determination with which she went toward her purposes, public and private."

* * *

You will find here, too, a good deal of sound comment on the newspaper business, as exemplified by the all too common type of newspaper in our middle-sized cities whose motto is "Fairness and futility," the paper that prints the news unless someone of prominence would be annoyed by it. And you will find occasional observations, the more deadly because of their sedulous moderation, of the sentimental muzzy-mindedness of the business man who is satisfied with an eloquent speech at the Rotary luncheon and lets the politicians steal the state out from under his nose, who cries for a "business man's candidate" and then votes against a perfect specimen of the type, when the ruling class orders him beaten. And, among the incidents, you will find a faithful news report of "that form of good time known as the 'party,' " a gathering of Indiana politicians and their wives for the purposes of getting drunk in company, which is as veritistic, and as horrible in its implications, as the more convincing passages of "The President's Daughter."

It is a hideous world of callous selfishness, hypocrisy, moral poltroonery; of a complete indifference to things of the mind and total absence of things of the spirit. "You are talking about something these fellows haven't got," says an old newspaperman to a young idealist. "They haven't got any spiritual side." Yet such, in the main, was the governing class of this enlightened republic in the Age of Normalcy, and the golden prime of cautious Calvin Coolidge. And hereafter? We shall see next November whether there is any public demand for courage and clear thinking; if not, there is no visible reason why this sort of thing should not go on indefinitely.

* * *

No one has drawn this picture so convincingly as Mr. Huston, because no one has done it with his scientific fidelity to the observed evidence, his conscientious refusal to be led astray into the tempting bypaths of satire and burlesque. True, American politics could hardly be burlesqued, but it has been tried. Only when Mr. Huston contrasts something else with this moral and intellectual nightmare does he strain the credulity. For he brings his narrator, at last, to New York. And there he meets workers in the arts who are unselfish and devoted servants of abstract ideals, eager to give the credit for collective achievement to others; men and women who are well mannered and temperate, among whom is neither filthiness nor foolish talking, nor fornication, nor covetousness, but rather giving of thanks; an austere and consecrated race, bent on painting the thing as they see it for the God of things as they are. New Yorkers may not recognize the picture, but Mr. Huston lives in South Bend and comes here seldom. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico.*

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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History with Bristles

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC. By CECIL GRAY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928.

Reviewed by CARL ENGEL

Division of Music, Library of Congress

SOME of the most interesting among recent books in English that deal with music have been published by the firm of Alfred A. Knopf. They are not textbooks for the student; nor are they the prim and sober treatises of dispassionate scholars. This publisher has had the sense to select writers, personal and penetrating in their views, who look upon music as a part of life and on musicians as primarily human. That is an approach which the cultured layman willingly follows. And music is a subject that nowadays suffers much tossing about in general discussion, though it is oftenest speared on the prongs of borrowed opinions. To sharpen them, the reading public has no better whetstones than the books of the fervent "interpreter" and his handy dicta.

Such books have the merit of kindling the imagination and drawing the fire of dissension. There can be no doubt about the conspicuousness of this merit in "The History of Music," written by Mr. Cecil Gray, which forms the latest volume in the monumental "History of Civilization," edited by Mr. Charles Kay Ogden. Mr. Gray's is a book with barbs and bristles, and as such commends itself to everyone who prefers a provocative to a soothing author. Provocation can be stimulating, or just vexatious. It depends on the weight, the skill, and the grace of the argument.

Mr. Gray set out to write a "History of Music" different from any other, and he succeeded. The success, however, does not go so far as to impress anyone who is slightly familiar with the subject that the difference, in this case, is always synonymous with superiority. It is not the fault of Mr. Gray's pen. His style is lucid, terse, and often brilliant. He can be dangerously persuasive. And the danger is the greater because Mr. Gray, professing to write "for the average, intelligent music-lover," goes about treating the history of music pretty much as he sees fit, and then tells his readers, who have no means of checking his assertions, that for every statement of fact that he makes he can adduce "the opinion of at least one of the most eminent modern authorities."

The uneasiness begins on the first page of Mr. Gray's history, when he throws Gevært, Riemann, and Ambros on the same junk-heap, and tells us that all the studies which these gentlemen have devoted to the music of the ancient Greeks have produced nothing more than "the vaguest idea of what it was actually like." This, in Mr. Gray's opinion, is enough to dismiss the whole question of ancient music and consider it as non-existent. "Our almost complete ignorance" of the music of antiquity, far from being a misfortune, Mr. Gray deems a distinct advantage. Mr. Gray writes: "That the Greeks wholly failed to recognize and appreciate or, more accurately perhaps, chose deliberately to ignore and neglect, the peculiar aptitudes possessed by music as a medium of artistic expression, can be seen in the fact that they regarded it almost exclusively as a mere branch of literature." What on earth does Mr. Gray mean by that? And be it said, parenthetically, that his history would have soon been stumped without that blessed little word "almost." It is likely that the sense of rhythm was more pronounced in the ancient Greeks than their sense of melody was. But why need their melodies have resembled ours? Here, exactly, lies the interpreter's duty and opportunity to retrace, if he can not explain, that strangely belated and variable development of the melodic and harmonic sense—a development unparalleled in any other art—and make a brave guess at its beginnings. For the history of music is really the history of hearing.

Mr. Gray would have found food for thought in Carl Stumpf's "Die Anfänge der Musik" and Jules Combarieu's "La Musique et la Magie," two books not listed in Mr. Gray's condensed Bibliography which contains many less important works. Since it is in connection with the history of civilization that he is considering the history of music, the part that music played in the Greek state, ritual, games, dances, social life, should not have been without interest. And of these things we have some fairly telling records. Karl Bücher, in his excellent "Arbeit und Rhythmus," reproduces an ancient Greek terracotta group in the museum of the Louvre, representing four women kneeding bread to the sound of a flute. Work-songs accompanied the cutting of corn, the turning of the hand-mill, the pressing of grapes, the spinning and weaving, and numberless other occupations. These were perhaps not artistic expressions, but they are highly significant in the relation of music to civilization. Mr. Gray would have served his readers well had he done no more than glanced through Athenæus (who wrote some eighteen hundred years ago) and quoted his remark that, while formerly "decorum" was carefully attended to in music, "now people meddle with music in a random and inconsiderate manner." And Mr. Gray might have added a quotation from the "Promiscuous Banquets" of Aristoxenos, written some five-hundred years before Athenæus, to the effect that "since music has become entirely ruined and vulgar, we, being but a few, will recall to our minds, sitting by ourselves, what music once was." By such glimpses as these we learn to appreciate better the eternal truth that *"plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose."*

Equally strange is Mr. Gray's approach to Gregorian Chant with which, to his mind, the history of music should begin, and does begin so far as his own book is concerned. The average, intelligent reader is asked to believe that Gregorian Chant was a sort of revelation sent from heaven, that it had no connection with any earlier musical practice, and that "music alone was immediately capable of voicing the innermost truths of Christianity in wholly fitting language." Compared with this alleged feat, all the miracles of the New Testament fade into insignificance.

It would take a longer review than can be attempted here in order to point out all the really sound parts of this book—such as, for instance, the splendid "Outline of Musical Æsthetic" at the end—or to pick up the author every time he slips on the ice of his own cleverness. Mr. Gray stated in the preface to his "Survey of Contemporary Music" that "No doubt it is good to be right, but it is even better to have the courage of one's conviction." In his "History of Music" Mr. Gray is very frequently right, and when he is wrong, his courage, bordering upon temerity, is always magnificent. It is not Mr. Gray's boldness that will disturb the readers of average intelligence. What is it that makes Mr. Gray's very defiance seem so pedantic, what is it that weighs increasingly upon the reader as he passes from chapter to chapter of this remarkable compendium? Perhaps the answer is that, better still than being right or having the courage of one's conviction, is the ability now and then to smile—yes, to smile at one's self, even when engaged in the solemn business of interpreting history.

Three at Carmel

By MARY AUSTIN

I

HOW white the beach at Carmel was that day!
Woman white and curving
round the discarded sapphire-shot, silk dappled
heap of her garment
That lisped and lifted, bowed full
to the wondrous long line of her,
lapsed and revealed her.
Behind us the dunes breasted shoreward,
Moon cusped to the tussocks of tawny pale,
trumpet shaped minulus
and apple-hued sea grass.
Low on the foreshore, Jack London and Sterling* and I together.

Flickered the drift wood fire,
copper, steel blue, and splints of emerald.
Voices of women dartled and swerved like swallows
or poised for our question and answer.
For one of us was a poet, and one
New come from the Sea Wolf's adventure,
And one had walked with the Trues
in the land of Lost Borders.

If I told what the Trues had said, to Jack London
Who might just have come ashore there
From the Long Serpent, eyes blue as sea ice,
bright as the sun blink on the Arctic ledges,
If Jack believed, or disbelieving, prophesied
in the name of economic determinism,
Or if Sterling lifted the face Jack said
was a Greek coin run over
by a Roman chariot,
And demanded of Chaos an answer to man's unsearchable pain;
Who forgets, who remembers, when words are merely
the twang of the string to the spirit's speeding?

Suddenly the bay, smit by the low sun's wheeling flanges,
Burst in green fire, with ash flecked-edges,
And Sterling unfolding his lean length
leaped from his clothing
like a young white scimetar cleaving the breakers
Crying, The sea, the sea!
And the rest followed.

II

I remember the walk through the woods,
the secret look of the pine boles,
Warm hollows between live oaks where amber lilies
float in the wine of light,
The flower foam at the edge of Sterling's meadow;
The wind out of Sur with the smell of wild honey
and yerba buena, answering each to each like speech;
Bursting spray heads over Lobos, torn surges revealing
between gulfs in Time's outer garment,
timeless sea gardens.
Oh, ever remembered, the incense smelling, resilient
cypress boughs where we lay;
The perpetual flicker of talk, life litten,
like the flick of the wind and the sun overhead
in the pines' long needles.

Who that sat by them ever forgets the pitch pine fires?
And Jack London, ringed with admirers
Proclaiming the Social Revolution?
Or Sterling, alert and alien as a faun
who has followed a slim-footed maiden
home to her village,—
Whom the gods, for his disallegiance, have bound
to the pure, austere service of Beauty,—
Between deep quaffs of social indignation, reading
lines from the Wine of Wizardry
and the House of Orchids!

III

How was the time unfaithful
that they have left us?
Sterling self slain, not looking backward.
And Jack, for whom the Revolution
to which his soul was a candle, proved laggard
Guttering sootily out in his votive lantern.
Few there are who remember how we three
raised the roof of Sterling's cabin
Till it burgeoned and grew to the Elder Ash Tree
While all the winged hopes of the world
preened themselves in its branches.
Would they come back if they could
to the spacious, work-filled mornings?
To the meals eaten in friendship,
Wine, which some undeserving
quirk of my nature forbade me,
and love play?
And for those two the releasing
high moments of madness.
For Sterling, who followed the faun's way,
Had all the wild-creature instinct for his own besting.
Knowing his work done, and only Beauty immortal
He gave himself clean to Beauty;
Leaped from his garment of flesh
as that day on the beaches
naked he went to the sea.
So beauty received him.

There I shall find him again, where Beauty awaits me.
If ever I walk in Carmel woods, if ever on Lobos,
I shall hear him shout in the morning surf
undulant, sapphire sparkled.
I shall see him run with the warm noon wind
where the leopard bright herd grass wavers,
When the winds of Sur go wing and wing to evening blueness
My friend shall come out as a star
and I shall know him.

* George Sterling committed suicide in the prime of his poetical creativeness.

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The Bowling Green

In the absence of Mr. Morley's usual columns we substitute this week the following contribution by Mr. McCord.

An English Spire

THE spell of Salisbury, like the silence after a great wind, had fallen over me long before I ever saw it with my two eyes. It happened somewhere down the Norman coast, on the train to Caen perhaps, that day when I opened for the first time the small red covers of the Wayfarer's edition of "Afoot in England." It is not a great book: not "Green Mansions," nor the steady genius of "Far Away and Long Ago." But it smells of Hudson, and reads, you will swear, as though that lonely traveler had been turning out his pockets in the sleepy angle of a room in some Clovelly and had covered his paper, even half by accident, with the curious silt that had shaken from them. It seemed to sing of itself against the regular rhythm and breathing of the train, and there was much in it that closed for the moment, as surely as if we had piped into the obscurity of a tunnel, the window letting out on that green run of field and grass, and I was swept alive over the blue Channel to a spire I had never seen, rising like a flower to the divinity of English sky.

I felt in those two Salisbury chapters that Hudson had found something which he missed in Bath and Wells. I had not found it in all France. I knew what it was, but I could not name it. I had read its timid hieroglyph in the geometrical pattern of Roman land as we steamed by the Channel Islands into Cherbourg; it grew, and grew green as lichen, in the ruinous woods about Versailles. I had seen it in the suffusion of wild light pouring through the rose-window in the nave of St. Ouen. I had heard its sound in the great organ trembling the high pilasters of the Cathedral of Chartres; and surely imminence, such as I dare not think on, brooded over the *Tour de Beurre* that night of the third moon in Rouen when I stood from under the swelling bosom of French architecture at the end of *rue de la Grosse Horloge* and looked up into its symmetry of crumbled lace.

* * *

If I had not found it in France, in the strong defeatures of the medieval rock they call Mont-St.-Michel, shouldering out of illimitable sand, I had not found it at all. Yet here in Hudson, under the noisy intimacy of a second-class carriage of the *Etat*, among all this talk of stock-doves and martins, of starlings, swifts, and swallows, I heard his strange impelling benediction. If you will look at that first Salisbury chapter you may wonder what innocent assertions and denials will spring the imagination. "At service my due feet never failed, while morning, noon, and evening I paced the smooth level green by the hour, standing at intervals to gaze up at the immense pile with its central soaring spire, asking myself why I had never greatly liked it in the past and did not like it much better now when grown familiar with it."

"I am not stirred," you will say. "This is rumor; it is not fact." But it is indeed. Only his eyes, for the moment, rested on other things, and he was looking at it, his central soaring spire, not as the reader who divines beyond his words, but as the naturalist of "Birds and Man," of "Hampshire Days," who saw in it the great habitacle of blue wings and black, rarer now than articulate daws at Windsor. He saw it, not in itself, but in association. It was his method of approach. Rima came not first the girl, but "that exquisite bird-melody," like love, like light, like "old undying sorrow," filling the deep savannahs of Guayana forest. And now in the second chapter, as mysteriously as in some genetic music of Debussy, the Cathedral emerges: "Salisbury, so vast in size, is yet a marvel of beauty in its entirety; and seeing it as I now did every day, I wondered at my want of enthusiasm on a previous visit. . . . building so vast in size which yet produces the effect of a palace in fairyland, or a cathedral not built with hands but brought into existence by a miracle."

In England, as early as I could, I set out for Salisbury; not from London, as it happened, but from Dorset, and on a morning laid grey under a low ceiling of cloud and imminent with evil weather. My train stopped at Poole, more an estuary than a harbor, and over the reach of stilled water swans were sailing like the Tyrian ships in Flecker. I had only seen them before on lakes and rivers. I thought now of Yeats and Ireland, and how the sound of the name remained. I murmured it: "Wild swans at Poole," and looked out where tranquillity stood like a child among the reeds and grasses, and the gulls flew low and straight over that featureless surface as if it were evening and all wild wings were turning home. The sea comes into England as surely as spray flies in the wind. The land cannot hold of it enough, and its long arms are reaching out forever and gathering, as one gathers a scoop of water from the spring, the tide that runs to the very roots of gorse and thorn, or sends great barges, like a handful of brown chips, coasting up the Thames.

The rain had been falling for some time when I passed under North Gate in Salisbury. I had escaped it for ten minutes in the dark of an old bookshop where Hudson used to come when he was writing "A Shepherd's Life," and where, perhaps for that reason, I found myself paying shillings for an early copy of Gray's poems and for "Sonnets of This Century" which I had encountered for the first time only the day before in a cottage on the crown of the White Nore. I had watched it through the window of the County Hotel, dropping like silver into Avon water while I solemnly ate in isolation (it was nearly three o'clock) my cold meat and salad and drank my ginger beer. The spire I had seen from Fisherton Street like a brown forefinger shaken at God, and so sharp and perfect in design, stood at my back; and had it a knuckle, I fancied it might be crooked now, in the act of beckoning me on.

* * *

As I went out, my thoughts over Hudson, who had fetched me here, dissolved with the rain in the speeding of the stream below. There was no cloud for dispelling; no light of heaven to restore. I stood on a peak in Darien, and if Keats did not run in my mind, there was that other last line of "The Sea and the Jungle": "Here indeed was the center of the world." And where is it not when suddenly we find ourselves inoculate of this high adventure of inviting the soul? "Loaf," said Walt (with belying vigor) and do it. Ah! but it has been accomplished in other ways. Shelvocke and Polo did it with the stars in their eyes and the smell of the sea and the breath of the desert in their nostrils. Mallory died for it on the ice of Mt. Everest. And now I looked across the shaven green, wet to the point of saturation, at nave and buttress, spire and transept, at the whole Cathedral, more lovely for the rain, in oak-leaf browns and algæic grays and greens. Because it was completed in forty years—a dayspan in the genesis of one of those medieval fanes of France—it stands on the basis of pagan symmetry like that indeed which shapes the bluster of the blue Atlantic and joins in divine pattern the constellations of the open sky.

There are things about Salisbury which one is not apt to like. The abruptness and austerity of the interior remain. Those columns of brown Purbec marble contrast still strangely with the grays and lights grays of the clerestory. Yet I admit the sweep of a great corridor, clean of all Catholic clutter and noble with the simplicity and order of Stonehenge or Maumbury Rings. I missed, perhaps, the dark surprise one feels at Chartres on looking for the first time into the unmitigable resignation of its shadowy keep. But for that I had ample recompense in the strong windows of the transept, in living mosaics, not of saint and verse and parable, but of motion and flowing; of a great drift of brown and green and scarlet leaves, as if the Creator had sown them there and they were still cunningly disseminate. I sat long before them, to my great satisfaction, glad that such specimen handfuls of New Hampshire autumn had ever come to be flung so fairly before at Wiltshire wind. Upon the cloisters, into which I turned through a southwest door, I found completely settled that utter peace and detachment which I had first sensed from the level ground without. A *boutique arrière* of this enormous, solemn pile, it held foregathered the last hours of the whole insensate world. Dream itself, and shadowy eyes, struggles long since over, and wars gone out like the angry sparks of winter fire: by such as these that secret square is haunted, and the very day dropping into it and the white cloud a-stoop above its mouth seem not to be of the day and cloud beyond.

I walked slowly round the flagstones a half dozen times. Here and there a name was let into them: some, I observed, duplicated on white panels within the Cathedral, another apparently the sole remaining cuneiform against a life long since laid down. It was there that I came upon the engaging inscription to William Posthumous Chapeau, poor fellow, now but a shatter of bone in his mouldy cerements. I could not help wonder if he had employed in life that denying middle name or if he had carefully perioded the "P" and wisely left posterity to spell the rest that I might read and smile.

* * *

From the opposite corner to that which bore the eroding 'scutcheon of M. Chapeau, I could look up freely at the spire. I found it in light and color, in scheme and cunning, as perfect as I had thought it first. And round its slow beginnings the last of traditional doves still kept the faith. Seeing them drop swiftly by, like the thread of blue grouse through the hills of Oregon, would bring my attention suddenly upon some new detail, some undiscovered charm; and many, many times to a single corner buttress, surprisingly lodged: the proclaimed vestigial structure of temples of another and forgotten age. Within this brooding close the evidences of life grew green and white: the day, the season, and the year, I saw in the fine stem and petals of aster and gladiolus that marked as punctually the burial stones set small in the thick, rich grass. They came up heedless and untended, straight from the sod, fresh and wet in their brief span of sun. What were they but the brave signature of summer on the lawn? And what were those two ancient cedars, with green hands and digits all outstretched, but flora older than the dust they guarded and more quiet than collected sleep?

In the cloisters I met a painter from Marlborough; and together we sounded again the long open nave and such niches as I had not already explored. I remember especially that we stood long in the west door, waiting for the rain to quiet; hurrying out, he with an unbrella and I with none, to look on things we had not seen before. Between these periods of baptism I examined more carefully the delicate dentelle that arched above the entrance. It was easy hunting, and I soon found that on the inner side what promised no more than adventurous carving resolved into a wheel of saints and doves; of minikin white lambs sliding dangerously down hill. There was a pelican, too, with a beak more capacious and exquisite than the *bouchon* bird's I had seen in a Paris window. I set him off as a little symbol, partly because he held in firmness and resolution the pride and dignity of his shrine, but most because he was a bird that I felt certain Hudson had never seen; and he would have loved him. And when I left him there, and the painter whose road was not mine, the rain had already begun to quicken, and the first intimation of evening hung deep under the trees, as if no final shadow should touch that magnificence and no last hour should follow headlong across the green.

DAVID MCCORD.

Mr. C. E. Bechhofer Roberts, whose novel, "This Side Idolatry," has aroused a storm in England, replies thus in part to his critics:

"I await Sir Henry Dickens's 'reply' with equanimity, since by that time he may have read my book and will at last precise his charges of alleged inaccuracy. These I shall know how to answer, for I have all the facts at my fingers' ends. He is wrong in supposing that I complain of being refused access to materials. My complaint is that I am not allowed to publish these materials in their original form, and am forced therefore to paint my portrait of Charles Dickens as a novel. I challenge Sir Henry to remove his ban on publication. Then the world will see why I stand by every substantial fact in my novel. . . .

"Does he imagine that his father's life can always be presented in the form which best suits the prejudices of the family? It is not as if they were reticent about him; on the contrary, they have written and sponsored innumerable volumes full of the most trivial details of his life and character. But they have always suppressed the most important facts. This cannot go on, and it is ridiculous to make accusations of 'muckraking' against me, because I have tried to paint a complete picture of the man. I did not spend four years writing my story without being sure of my facts."

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Books of Special Interest

Early Italians

THE IRON AGE IN ITALY. A Study of Those Aspects of the Early Civilization which are neither Villanovan nor Etruscan. By DAVID RANDALL-MACIVER. New York: Oxford University Press. 1927. $28.

Reviewed by TENNEY FRANK
Johns Hopkins University

THREE years ago Randall-MacIver brought out for the Clarendon Press his magnificent study of "The Villanovans and Early Etruscans," designed to be a continuation of Peet's "Stone and Bronze Ages in Italy" (1909). These studies may seem remote from us, but they do in fact concern us intimately, for the migrants of the Bronze and Iron age of Italy are among the first of the Indo-Europeans to leave a distinctive record of their ways. And if Dayton is aroused to excitement over pithecanthropus, we may presumably care to know what our ancestors were doing at the threshold of historical times. Von Duhn's monumental corpus of prehistoric Italy, called "Italische Gräberkunde," appeared at about the same time as Randall-MacIver's previous volume. To that, with its vast store of facts dumped in helter-skelter, the specialist must still go, but even the specialist will from time to time steal away from that maze to Randall-MacIver's lucid and masterful arrangement of the significant facts when he wishes to catch his breath and find out what it is all about. In order to follow the thread of his plot the author in the earlier book systematically traced the Villanovans—or to use Von Duhn's term, the cremating Italici—from Bologna down to Rome. Now he has in the sequal tracked the other peoples of Italy through the Early Iron Age: the Atestines of Venetia, the Golaseccans and Comacines of the Italian Lakes, the Picentines and the tribes of south Italy and Sicily.

As in his previous volume, he has selected for illustration the most meaningful objects and omitted the rest. That does not imply that he is superficial, or that he has disregarded what he has chosen not to mention. The work is thorough. In his general conclusions he comes out not far from Pigorini, Colini, and Von Duhn, the old masters in the field, but in several details he has penetrated farther. It is interesting to see that he still finds no evidence for the old theory of the Sanctis that the Etruscans and Villanovans were the same people—a theory which seems to be winning many adherents in Italy to-day, especially among those who write with a nationalistic bias. He has made a plausible case for regarding the tribes of the Lake regions as cousins of the Villanovans, recognizing, however, inclusions of the Ligurians. Of an early Celtic invasion into this region he finds no evidence.

He also regards the Atestines (the Veneti of a later day) as akin to the Villanovans and therefore to the early Romans; and he very clearly defines their cultural connections with the Etruscans of Bologna and with the Balkans. This chapter is delightfully persuasive and conforms nicely with the Roman tradition that the Veneti were brothers of the Romans. However, the linguist remembers that there are Venetian inscriptions in existence, and that these still refuse to be read as Italic. As a true archæologist the author is inclined to be scornful of linguistic evidence—a habit which is respectably old, but happily dying out.

The chapter on the Picentines is, I fear, going to draw blood. If Randall-MacIver has found the truth here, he is to be congratulated on having solved a serious historical problem. The Museum of Ancona is now packed with objects carefully excavated by Dall' Osso, but wretchedly catalogued. We had assumed, because of the very primitive burial customs of this region, that a small, but compact tribe of stone-age folk had survived here till historical times and, by closing the pass between Rimini and the rock of San Marino, had shunted all migrant hordes westward till the Celts drove them out. Because of certain similarities in their funeral rites and implements, the author identifies them with the great Sabellic tribe that spread through the Apennines. If that were so, the Sabellic peoples would be the descenadtnts of Italian stone-age folk. Here again the linguist will object. We know the Oscan and Umbrian languages. They are closely related to Latin. The common ancestors must have lived together not more than a thousand years before the earliest written records, and must then have parted company. The users of the Sabellic dialects simply could not have lived in Italy ever since the stone age. In matters like this, nouns and verbs bring as reliable testimony as do potsherds. Furthermore, the Novilara inscription found in the Picene country is not Sabellic. And finally, even the archæologist will ask whether the *rannichiato* position of the body in Picentine inhumation—which is found there as late as 500 B.C.—will not preclude identification with the Sabellians.

This is probably the only point on which the author is apt to find himself subjected to serious criticism. And even for this chapter we are very grateful, since it contains the best account now available of Picentine excavations. In general the volume, like its predecessor, will be indispensable to the apparatus of all who are interested in anthropology, in primitive art, or in early Roman history. It is lavishly illustrated and an example of excellent bookmaking.

French Literature

SINCE VICTOR HUGO. By BERNARD FAY. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

THIS is a slight book but eminently readable. It is not in any sense a history or encyclopedia of contemporary French literature, such as the recent studies of René Lalou and Professor Cunliffe, but rather a series of sketches illustrating what seem to M. Fay the essential trends in French prose and poetry since the death of Victor Hugo. Whether we like Victor Hugo or not there is no question that he anchored French poetry for upwards of fifty years, just as on the other side of the Channel Tennyson anchored English poetry. The younger generation in France that was growing up during Victor Hugo's old age railed against his domination, but could not escape it. When he finally passed away in an odor of sanctity the time was ripe for a new literature.

Rimbaud and Verlaine led the way into a new era of poetry. It can hardly be given to many men to "love and respect" Arthur Rimbaud or to feel the "broad humanity" of Verlaine, but M. Fay is so devoted to the cause of Symbolism that he writes about the wayward genius of these two men with rare sympathy and understanding. Perhaps he is not quite accurate when he prides himself "on being free of all past, and on seeking only to see clear." No one is ever free of the past, or of the present for that matter, least of all a man like M. Fay who has such determined likes and dislikes. His contempt for Anatole France is largely founded on the fact that France missed Rimbaud and ridiculed Mallarmé. He sees nothing in him but a certain adroitness, a capacity to give the people what they want. But there is more than that in Anatole France. He is the incarnation of that *esprit naif et malin* which Sainte-Beuve calls the special gift of French prose.

Throughout all these essays M. Fay stamps himself as an ardent but discriminating champion of the advance guard in literature. The essays on Renan and Taine, on Barrès and Paul Bourget are all extremely illuminating, but it is his own contemporaries that excite his ardor rather than the masters of the past generation. He understands what men like Paul Valéry, Andrè Gide and the "Dadaists" are trying to do, and he shares their aspirations. It seems strange that a professor of French Literature should calmly assert that "before-the-War prose now sounds hollow and antiquated," but M. Fay is a modernist first and a professor afterwards. Sometimes it is difficult to follow him in his flights of enthusiasm, as when he maintains that Paul Valéry "has achieved what never before had been seen in any literature, the voice and the intelligence of man rising serene, alone above the world, which they comprehend, and repudiate." Surely the really great men—the Rabelais, the Shakespeares, and the Molières—do not repudiate the world. They comprehend it so well, their sympathies are so universal, that they almost identify themselves with it. This continual striving to ignore the material world and to live by intuition alone is what the layman finds so baffling in the ultra modern attitude towards literature. When he learns that the Surréalistes, the most recent and the most violent literary school in France according to M. Fay, have ceased to be interested in ideas, that they are thrusting aside all logic, convention, and morality, everything in fact which might restrict absolute liberty and spontaneity, is he not justified in shaking his head and passing by on the other side?

One of the unfortunate consequences of this absorption in the more fantastic moderns is that the author has no space left for the so-called traditional writers. There is hardly a word about Mme. de Noailles, except that Dadaism makes her seem tiresome by comparison, or about the mass of poetry evoked by the war. Estaunié the novelist, André Maurois the critic, are not even mentioned, and there is no separate study of the drama.

We could wish that M. Fay had amplified his survey so as to give us a more complete impression of contemporary literature, but what we miss most of all is the exquisite finish that distinguished his conferences. Unfortunately that has been lost in a translation that is frequently awkward and occasionally ungrammatical.

Mudéjar Spain

MUDÉJAR ARCHITECTURE. By GEORGIANA GODDARD KING. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by A. KINGSLEY PORTER
Harvard University

THOSE who are familiar with the earlier works of Miss King—which is to say all students of the history of art—will find in the present volume those same admirable qualities which have distinguished its predecessors. The format is identical—one which tends to discourage until one has discovered how much meat may be compressed within a small compass and between ruled margins. In the present book, the reader will find Miss King at her best—her knowledge of her loved Spain, which no one knows so well, even broader and mellower, her intellectual curiosity stimulatingly omnivorous, and her style showing a marked gain in clarity and force.

The Mudéjar style is one of the mysteries of medieval Europe, and has long awaited a competent historian. Its charm has been admirably understood by Miss King, who seems to have been the first to stress the esthetic appeal and imaginative content of these buildings so obvious once pointed out. While the chief monuments of the style have long been familiar through the works of Lampérez, Gómez Moreno, Puig, and others, what these authors have written has been in scattering passage and in articles often difficult of access and not easy to isolate and put together. For students unable to read Spanish and the more difficult Catalan next to nothing has been available. Yet the art has existed as one of the most challenging of the entire Middle Ages—a declaration of Moorishness and of differentness in the Iberian peninsula, defiantly flaunted in the face of the official Gothic, yet unconquerable, prospering, appearing in the very Gallic strongholds, at Sahagùn and Toledo thumbing its nose at French prelates, imaginative, seductive, unaccountable. Miss King has gathered together what is known of this art; has added notably to the sum; and has illustrated the whole with a series of photographs, in large part from original negatives by Miss Lowber, so clear as to be quite useful in spite of their small dimensions.

One of the most interesting aspects of Mudéjar is the question of its origins, and its relations with monuments and motives of the far East. Miss King knows well the literaure of the art of the Orient and has turned this to good account in tracing the migration of motives from their cradle in Asia to the Mudéjar productions of Spain.

It is clear that Miss King does not believe that it is necessary to be obscure and boring in order to be learned. In an age which is tending to the parade of scholarship, and too often to the semblance of learning without the substance, she takes rather an elfish delight in giving the substance. Occasionally a note gives some indication of what is below the surface, but more often none but the very special reader would guess. The book is easy to read, and leaves one with the sense, not only of having learned much that it is useful to know, but of having passed pleasant hours in the company of an author whose erudition is both deep and broad.

Radical Views

WHY WE MISBEHAVE. By SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1928.

THIS aggressive book will have a hard time running the gauntlet of the critics. The first gentle rap asks why we mislabel books. Mr. Schmalhausen advocates a radical view of love and marriage, exalting passion, questioning marriage; his thesis is that we don't misbehave when we accept Mrs. Grundy's severe and emphatic insistence that we do, even such behavior as would land us behind bars. The author not only calls a spade a spade, but regards spading as psychic redemption. The book is fortunate in having a sober introduction by Dr. William A. White, who supports the thesis that sexual repression is a large factor in maturing psycho-neuroses.

Equal freedom and promiscuity is advocated for both sexes. Contraception redeems society. Sex relations may now be changed from purposes of procreation to recreation. Marriage is a complicated psycho neurosis and educational psychiatry comes to its rescue. The rest is elaboration and variation which will shock many a reader, or incline him to send an S.O.S. call for the censor.

On the one side of the gauntlet the moralists will stand firm in their denunciation. Society they will say in no uncertain tones, will go to smash if this riot of sex and revolt of youth is not instantly quelled. But there are moralists and moralists, and there is a psychology of morality as well, and a sociology also. Sober and sane minds of either sex, who are quite capable of understanding the dangers of sex-repression, who are completely emancipated from historical puritanism or its survivals, who are liberal minded in belief and tolerant in attitude toward the experimental view of life, will repudiate the conclusions quite as strongly. Whatever the solution, they will agree, this isn't it.

On the other side are the sympathetic psychologists with a sense of scientific responsibility, and the far-seeing sociologists neither blinded by the irrationality of what is, yet doubtful whether throwing stones at their windows is the best way of letting in light on social institutions. The radical view that so long as you discard, you improve; and by unfig-leaving humanity you have Paradise regained, seems to them a wanton spree masquerading as science.

Next on the progressive side and ready to add a blow, are those who see in all this sexualizing of the mind and the flesh, not the work of the devil, but a counterpart of the psychopathic peril. A visit to the asylums of mental disorder will confirm the view that the over-sexed mind goes to ruin far more frequently and disastrously than the sex-repressed. The sociologist fails to find any notable achievements or exalted standards of living among free love colonies.

Still more sympathetic are psychologists and psychiatrists who agree that a reconstruction of sex views and sex relations is on the programme of needed reform, yet regret that the thesis should be so extremely and so offensively stated, with such joy in the misbehavior in print, as to repel even those who are ready to give the thesis a hearing.

It should be added that the volume contains two books, not one. The second makes some interesting contributions to the attitudes towards sex by way of a questionnaire, and discusses with some insight and more overstatement the province of mental hygiene. Despite this compensation the general attitude toward the book will be one of disgusted protest. There is after all something else in life besides sex. There won't be if the advocates of misbehaviorism have their way.

LEON DAUDET, from his exile in Brussels, continues to pour out his meditations. His latest volume, "Mélancholia" (Paris: Grasset), is, like the books that preceded it, a reflection of the author's many interests. The first part is given over to discussion of medical theory and of M. Daudet's conception of *ambiance*, a nervous, or perhaps magnetic force, lodged in the layers of the skin by which he explains most of the mysterious phenomena of life. The rest, and far the most important portion, is devoted to a penetrating and excellent study of Montaigne.

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Books of Special Interest

Social Life

HOME LIFE IN HISTORY. Social Life and Manners in Britain, 200 B. C.-A. D. 1926. By JOHN GLOAG and C. THOMPSON WALKER. New York: Coward-McCann. 1928.

Reviewed by MERRIAM SHERWOOD

THE authors of this book, have in their attempt to give "human interest" to the subject-matter, chosen a most unfortunate method. "To help the lucid indications of links between times and changes and to illustrate the transitions from one phase of civilization to another, progressive or retrogressive as the case may be, we have as a thread running through our chapters a more personal note in the history of a hypothetical family of Britons; intelligent, hardy people of original Celtic stock, who assimilate, modify, and improve the influences that come with Romans, Saxons, and other invaders."

The idea is more ingenious than practical. The reader has the constantly recurring impression that he is having information handed out to him as if it were a medicine whose unpleasant taste must be partially disguised by a sugar-coating. There are even children who prefer their information straight, although it is hard to make their elders believe so. Each descendant of the original hypothetical Celt dresses for us, builds his house, eats and carries on his conversation. But we cannot become interested in him because we know that he is merely a pretext and that two or three pages farther on probably his great-great-great-great grandson will make the same gestures in a slightly different way. The hypothetical family is very irritating.

What is still more serious, is that, by taking a single family which succeeds in always belonging to the wealthy landowning class, the authors have strangely limited the scope of interest promised by their title. The space that is used in dramatizing events in the life of the hypothetical family might have been more profitably employed in imparting real information about social conditions.

The general reader will learn of the successive styles in English houses, costume, eating, and drinking. The details given are apparently based upon reliable sources. Such is not the case with certain other aspects of the subject. In the matter of cleanliness the authors repeat the old refrain of the filthiness of our ancestors, particularly in the Middle Ages. But a fourteenth-century poem on the street cries of Paris contains the following lines:

The baths are ready, gentlemen!
Make haste and take your plunges, then.
The water's hot, I tell no lie. . . .

Knights and ladies, according to the medieval romances, and the burghers and their wives, according to the *fabliaux*, bathed often. At a very early period, a frequent penance imposed by the Church was the prohibition of bathing for a stated number of days.

The picture of home life is not even complete.

Not nearly enough is told of games and sports. The home life of women—and that of children—are touched upon in only the most cursory manner. Various particulars—such as the marriage customs of the Saxons or the much disputed *droit du seigneur* of the feudal baron—are either omitted or glozed over.

The authors seem not to have a wide enough acquaintance with the recent scholarly work that has thrown so much light upon the background of life, especially in the Middle Ages. The glamorous myths which glorified the Age of Chivalry have been modified by modern research—as the authors remark—but so have the equally exaggerated ones of filth and ignorance. The "Dark" Ages are receiving much light.

It is not only the Middle Ages which are unjustly accused of ignorance. The eighteenth century is qualified as "not an intelligent period, being almost as devoid of intellectual quality as of moral stability." If we name over to ourselves the "intellectuals" of that time—Samuel Johnson, Priestley, Adam Smith, Thomas Reid, Gibbon, Erasmus Darwin, James Watt, Pitt, Blackstone, Dugald Stewart, and others—we feel irresistibly inclined to differ.

Further, some of the information in the appendices is quite useless. To illustrate thirteenth-century etiquette in England—an Italian work on manners is quoted. But medieval Italy and England were far apart in styles and manners. This was not so of France and England. Again, to show the cost of a lady's dress in the seventeenth century a bill for a masquerade costume is given. But it happens that the lady was masquerading as a man. Several of the notes in the appendix are meaningless because prices quoted from the past are not given in relation to the present-day money values.

Obsolete terms are not elucidated; for example, that an elaborate pastry creation known as the "subtlety".

In short, the book contains many specific facts that should be of interest to the general reader, but it makes broad statements quite misleading to anyone not intimately acquainted with social history.

Campaigns and Men

PRESIDENTIAL YEARS, 1787 to 1860. By MEADE MINNIGERODE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1928.

THE "ALSO RANS." By DON C. SEITZ. New York: Crowell. 1928.

AMERICAN PRESIDENTS. By THOMAS FRANCIS MORAN. The same. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

THE current Presidential campaign has witnessed an unusual outpouring of books on government, politics, and political personages. These three are more important than most of the rest, since they supply the background which, despite our public schooling, most voters lack. Mr. Minnigerode's volume is a "snappy," colloquial account, aggressively irreverent, of ten Presidential campaigns, beginning with the one of 1796, when John Adams was elected, and ending with the Lincoln triumph in 1860. To some extent he covers also the political manœuvres which took place during the Administrations which he treats. By the device of frequent quotations from letters and other papers of the time he makes the past live again, so that its battles lose their mustiness and appear very much like contemporary contests. This effect is enhanced by the narrator's joy in exhibiting the weaknesses of his characters. The exhibition, while entertaining, has the unfortunate result of leaving the reader in the dark regarding the balance of virtues and vices in any particular man. There are also gaps in the story, since some campaigns are dismissed in a sentence or two. Nevertheless anybody who turns these pages will gain a fairly adequate notion of what our Presidential contests before the Civil War "were all about." And he will have a fair idea of the political methods and the language of controversy of those far-away times.

Mr. Seitz's "also rans" are the men who missed the Presidency—usually by suffering defeat at the election, but in one or two instances, as with Webster, by failing to obtain nomination. An introductory chapter sketches the men who have filled the office, from Washington to Harding. It is too sketchy and, what is worse, dogmatic. The body of the book is much better, although in parts carelessly written. The "also rans" start with the sinister figure of Burr—the heart of whose mystery Mr. Seitz does not attempt to pluck out—and proceed with William H. Crawford, Calhoun, Clay, and others to Blaine, Butler, and Bryan. One is impressed afresh with the melancholy fact that men who in their day stood out above their contemporaries are to us hardly more than names. Although Mr. Seitz's volume is in form biographical, actually it is as much history as biography. The chapter on Frémont, for example, aptly subtitled "A Pathfinder Who Lost His Way," naturally recounts some of the most stirring incidents of our westward expansion. Mr. Seitz makes the slip of running Van Buren on the Free Soil ticket in both 1844 and 1848. Van Buren's "bolt" was from Cass and therefore in the latter year.

The title, "American Presidents," does not quite indicate the scope of Professor Moran's volume. About two-thirds of it is devoted to a series of brief studies of the men who have successively occupied the White House. The remaining third is divided into two parts—a group of sketches of "some of our most conspicuous public men who have been, or should have been, considered in connection with the presidential office, but who were passed by," and a chapter on "The Ethics of the Presidential Campaign." These sketches are badly proportioned, six pages being given to Sumner and two pages to George F. Edmunds, while Franklin, Webster, and Clay are discussed in a page each and Hamilton and Calhoun actually dismissed in half a page.

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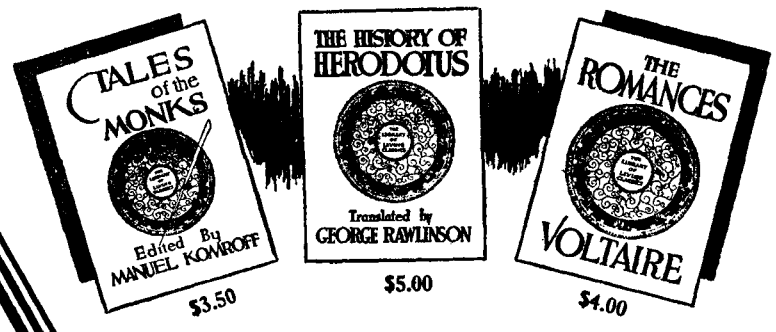

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Foreign Literature

Oppressed Tyrol

TIROL UNTERM BEIL (Tyrol Under the Axe). By EDUARD REUT-NICOLUSSI. Munich: Beck'sche Verlag. 1928.

Reviewed by ROBERT DUNLOP

TIMES have changed since Mussolini, as a comparatively unknown journalist of a socialist complexion, asserted in the *Popolo d'Italia* in 1919 that "it cannot too often be said in parliament and in the press that Italy has no intention to infringe the rights of its German population of the Upper Etsch as regards either language, customs, or local government." To-day as the actual ruler of Italy, after having deprived the Tyrolese of every vestige of their ancient rights and silenced their spokesmen, he has the impudence to declare that "if anyone, outside Italy, criticizes my rule in South Tyrol unfavorably, I will make the Tyrolese suffer for it." And his words have passed without a challenge. It is impossible for me, replied Sir Austen Chamberlain, when questioned in the House of Commons, to interfere in the internal affairs of a friendly nation.

Perhaps he is right. One can hardly expect a minister, whose sole aim is the maintenance of an unstable peace in Europe to touch such a thorny subject as South Tyrol. And Mussolini, to our shame be it said, has plenty of friends in England. So far are we out of touch with the principles of democratic government. But is South Tyrol a question for Italy alone? To recall the facts—All the world knows that after sitting on the fence for a long time Italy was, to use a mild phrase, persuaded to throw in her lot with the Allies by a promise of increased territory. The price was paid when the Austro-Hungarian empire was dismembered and the boundaries of Italy were extended by the Treaty of St. Germain to the Brenner in one direction and to Trieste in another. With the increase of territory 200,000 Tyrolese of German nationality and nearly as many Slavs were added to her population. It was with a heavy heart and grave misgivings that President Wilson consented to this step; but, as if foreseeing what has actually happened, he insisted on a general clause being added to the Treaty allowing of its revision in case the rights of these minorities to the free use of their language, religion, and cultural institutions were not respected.

That Italy has broken her word is as clear as the sun at mid-day. The way she has treated the Slavs has led to strained relations between her and Jugo-Slavia. The way she has treated the Tyrolese has created great indignation in Austria and Germany. But Mussolini is master of the situation. He knows that neither Yugo-Slavia nor Germany can at present interfere effectively, and by the time they can do so he hoped that Slavs and Germans will have lost their nationality and have become absorbed in the Italian population. So far as the Tyrolese are concerned this book of Reut-Nicolussi makes it very clear how little prospect there is of his hopes ever being realized.

Despite the abominable treatment to which they are being subjected—treatment which in its refined cruelty almost passes belief—the Tyrolese are as far from yielding as they were three years ago, when the storm first broke over their heads. Their schools may be closed, the use of their language even in the service of God may be prohibited, their books may be proscribed, their libraries scattered to the winds, parents forbidden to teach their own children, their names Italianized like those of the country, their institutions abolished, their property confiscated, their women-folk insulted, the graves of their dead desecrated, their leaders exiled, they themselves bludgeoned and thrown into prison to herd with common criminals on any and every pretext, espionage may flourish and a hireling press may try to mislead public opinion abroad, but the Tyrolese are not to be broken. They are as steadfast as their mountains. They are as inaccessible to bribes as they are to threats. But deep down in their hearts is an undying hatred of Mussolini and his Fascisti myrmidons. They live in hope that one day deliverance will reach them from one quarter or another. They remember the past. The memory of Andreas Hofer and Speckbacher sustains them in all their sufferings. Like Peter Mays they will not purchase their lives with a lie.

This book of Reut-Nicolussi is an appeal to the conscience of the world and not least to Americans. It deserves to be translated so that all may know what is going on in South Tyrol. By birth a Tyrolese, by profession a lawyer and one of the four members returned by South Tyrol to the Italian Parliament, Dr. Reut-Nicolussi has earned the hatred of the government as he has won the esteem of his fellow-countrymen by his courageous defence of their lives and liberty. He has been driven into exile, but he is still active in their service. His book, written with a full consciousness of the gravity of the charges he brings against Mussolini's government is fully documented and from his own experience, stretching over two years, the present reviewer can testify to its accuracy.

Annals of the Stage

STORIA DEL TEATRO CONTEMPORANEO. By GUIDO RUBERTI. Bologna: Cappelli. 1928.

STUDI SUL TEATRO CONTEMPORANEO. By ADRIANO TILGHER. Roma: Libreria di Scienza e Letere. 1928.

Reviewed by WINIFRED SMITH

THE contemporary drama is so rich and varied in its expression that it needs not only a super-scholar, but an amateur of the stage, cosmopolitanly experienced, to discuss it adequately. Neither Signor de Ruberti nor Signor Tilgher is much interested in the stage; both regard the drama chiefly as literature,—a record of ideas and social changes and of creative personalities; there is consequently a certain dryness and abstractness of treatment in both these books, with little reflection in either of the movement, light, form, and color which make the modern experimental stage so beautiful.

Yet both books are invaluable in their way to anyone interested in their subject. The first is an exhaustive encyclopedia of contemporary playwrights and their work, beginning with a summary of nineteenth century tendencies before Ibsen, continuing with a thorough and guardedly sympathetic study of that master, and devoting most of its three stout volumes to the period since 1880. A fatiguing book to read straight through, it is nevertheless most useful to consult, for the material in it is clearly arranged according to countries—including even America and Turkey, which are given a few pages each. There is a good index, and the bibliographical notes are suggestive and informative, in spite of an enormous number of minor inaccuracies and excruciating misprints in names and titles. Considering the voluminous reading De Ruberti has undoubtedly done, he manages to keep his main lines of analysis definitely before the reader and makes his own point of view equally evident.

He is a patriotic Italian of rather conservative views, eager to give the literature of his country its proper importance, but he does not alow his individual prepossessions to deprive him of his sense of relative values nor to obscure his admiration of "world figures," such as Ibsen, Shaw, and Andreiev. His discussion of Italian, French, and Russian work is particularly sensible in its discriminations,—the chapter on d'Annunzio is remarkably objective,—the English and Germans fare rather worse at his hands. On the whole he cares little for nineteenth century naturalism, its theses are not those of the Fascit-state, but he grants the movement its importance in preparing the way for the general post-war revulsion against it and sees quite vividly that even Pirandello would not have found an audience nor perhaps subjects, had not his forerunners exploited the world of human relationships and social laws as they did.

Adriano Tilgher, the well-known pragmatist philosopher and opponent of Croce, and philosophic apologist for Fascism as the triumph of the Dionysiac spirit in life, is not interested in making an encyclopedia, but only in doing very well a special piece of esthetic criticism. He prefaces his study of a few figures whom he considers "strictly modern" by a pregnant little essay on "art as originality," in point of view not unlike Shaw's "Sanity of Art," which enables him to reject, in forming his group, all but the half dozen writers he considers truly original. Even more markedly than De Ruberti he gives major importance to the Italians, d'Annunzio and Pirandello, seeing in the former a much greater freshness of inspiration and more powerful drive of the "life force" than Anglo-Saxons would grant him, and in the second the subtlest and finest of all analysts of the nature of truth.

What is truth? That is, for modern artists as for jesting Pilate, the fundamental problem of thought. Synge, the author of "The Playboy"; Andreiev, the author of "The Black Maskers" and "The Life of Man"; Chiarelli, the author of "La Maschera ed il Volto," Tilgher finds chiefly occupied with this same question, the very one that torments Pirandello also,—the puzzling contrast between masks and faces, appearance and reality, between the ultimate ego and still more ultimate nature on one hand and the disguises forced upon people and societies by all the myriad complexities and conventions of bodily existence and social bonds. In short, Tilgher tries to do, and succeeds in doing, the most difficult and important thing a critic can do: from the immense spectacle of isolated facts before him, he selects a few outstanding masterpieces, and, through a relation of them to their background, the philosophy of their day—he illuminates not only the contemporary scene, but the eternal human struggle to understand feeling and thought.

More "Les Thibaults"

LES THIBAULT. IV. LA CONSULTATION. V. LA FORELLINA. By ROGER MARTIN DU GARD. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1928.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

LIKE Proust and Romain Rolland, neither of whom he otherwise resembles, M. Roger Martin Du Gard has embarked upon a long novel, and has published the first five parts before writing the ending. No one knows how long "Les Thibault" will be, not even the author, who announces that the subsequent volumes will appear "yearly." In any case, the first three parts had a considerable success in France, and were translated in 1926 by Mrs. Boyd, and published in America by Boni & Liveright. The two new volumes, which have just appeared in France, will no doubt follow, for they are considerably more interesting than the initial ones. There are some signs of the real subject of M. Du Gard's work, which appears to be far larger in scope than the family conflict with which he first occupied his pen.

The plot, in spite of occasional divagations, the purpose of which will probably appear as the succeeding volumes are written, is not complicated, and may be briefly summarized. The chief characters are two brothers, Jacques and Antoine Thibault, who present remarkable differences in character, and have considerable trouble in understanding one another. The father is a severe and narrow minded Puritan, inclined to distrust his children. When Jacques ran away from his school with a companion, the father had him sent to a reformatory which he had founded, and in which his character had been severely tested. With the aid of his brother he later establishes a life of his own, and begins to write. Antoine, after a passionate attachment to a curious adventuress named Rachel, has settled down as a successful doctor in Paris. At this moment, Jacques disappears. The first of the two new volumes takes up the story at this point.

The tone of the first volume, "La Consultation," is consequently clinical. Antoine is shown trying to alleviate his father's pain, and in the busy routine of his office. As a picture of medical life the book is no doubt valuable, but its effect is disconnected, episodic and yet monotonous. M. Martin Du Gard knows the profession well and writes of it with accuracy, yet without too much sentiment. But it does not seem that this long recital is adding much to the progress of "Les Thibault."

The second volume, "La Sorellina," begins with a dramatic stroke of some power. A letter arrives, addressed to Jacques. Antoine, opening it, learns that his brother is alive, and that his stories are being published in Swiss reviews. One of them, called "La Sorellina," has caused comment. Antoine secures the story and reads it. He is amazed to find that it contains the true history of Jacques's disappearance, and of his final interview with his father. Antoine leaves at once for Switzerland, traces Jacques, meets him, and secures his promise to return to Paris. But he finds him strangely changed, older and more experienced. There are signs that he is involved in an international political—or rather anti-political—movement. The war is briefly foreshadowed, and the volume ends.

It is not yet clear that M. Martin Du Gard is engaged in a work of great literary importance, but it is certain that he writes an extremely simple and pleasant narrative style. His novel increases in scope and interest as it progresses.

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Points of View

Yes, We Have No Facts Now

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

The discussion in your pages of Dr. Watson's demand for hard, solid facts, and his scornful contempt for theories or ideas, is full of interest and fun, but it is strange that none of your correspondents has asked the revolutionary ex-professor of psychology to give a definition of facts.

Pray, are there such things as facts? We have lost matter, mind, time, and space, and have nothing but "events" for our raw materials. Is it possible that facts are still doing business at the old stand?

In politics, we know, there are no facts —only opinions or professed opinions. Mr. Hoover pledges himself to continue the great Coolidge policies; well, are those policies real? Few would admit that. There are myths and notions concerning Coolidge, but precious little fact. Is prohibition a success? Facts might answer that question, but where are they? The Anti-Saloon League has what it calls facts, but what rational person accepts them? And what are the facts as to the League of Nations. Ask the isolationists and you'll get a fearful-wonderful assortment of alleged facts, but again, who outside of bedlam gives a straw about those facts?

Are there facts in economics? Hardly. What are the facts about reparations, debt settlements, loans, trade balances? No two writers agree on any economic question of the least complexity.

And yet Dr. Watson, because of his rats in mazes, calls for facts in relation to human behavior in a hundred directions. What do we really know about sex, love, marriage, passion? We have opinions, actual or pretended, but we have few facts in that domain. Everything has to be interpreted, and Mr. Spencer told us long, long ago, that in sociology interpretation is hopelessly subjective. He warned us against all sorts of prejudices and conventions, and the warning has proved vain. We are as subjective, as prone to bias, as ever. Dr. Watson cannot put us in mazes and study our reactions. Even if he could, there would still be room for differences of interpretation of our responses to stimuli. And what maze would throw light on the things we call spiritual and moral, esthetic and artistic? Oh yes, let us have facts—we need them, goodness knows—but where does one get such things? Dr. Watson will have to regard opinions as facts, and then he will get somewhere.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

Chicago.

Romanticism Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Mr. Alan Reynolds Thompson, in his letter to *The Saturday Review* of Sept. 1, urges Mr. Norman Foerster's "American Criticism" upon "the attention of all those readers concerned with criticism, who, contrary to Mrs. Colum, believe that the strife between romanticism and classicism still continues, and believe that a better understanding of it is to be greatly desired."

Those same readers will, I am sure, be equally grateful to have called to their attention Mr. Prosser Hall Frye's "Romance and Tragedy" (1922), a scholarly and delightfully written discussion of the romantic and the classic points of view, a serious attempt to bring order out of the chaos which the author believes reigns in the world of criticism. "It contains," in the words of Mr. Paul Elmer More, "the most penetrating study of the ethical basis of Greek tragedy known to me in any language." Mr. Frye is equally at home and equally illuminating in his handling of French, German, and English literatures.

Mr. More includes Mr. Frye in that "little group of critics of life and letters scattered over the land who have set their faces against the all-invading currents of irresponsible half-thinking, and with full knowledge of what has been thought and done in the past, are trying to lay the foundations of a new humanism for the present." To be ranked with its leaders, Irving Babbitt, W. C. Brownell, and Mr. More himself, is no slight compliment; and of the group as a whole, Mr. More continues, "If these scholars were publishing in any European country they would be widely read and discussed, and would have weight as forming a united phalanx arrayed against the forces of disorganization. Here they are dispersed over thousands of miles of area, isolated in depressing loneliness, and barely heard amid the hubbub of the pedants on the one side and the illiterate on the other."

Should Mrs. Colum be persuaded to read attentively Mr. Frye's work, she could not help but find herself not only profited by the penetration and lucidity of his ideas, but charmed by the ease and good breeding of his style; not only stimulated to more exactness of thought but even, perhaps, inclined to revise some of her own judgments. She might, finally, be moved to reconsider her offer "to show that Mr. Paul Elmer More has far more of a tendency toward Romanticism than toward Classicism."

GERTRUDE W. PAGE

Los Angeles.

Morleyana

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I am glad that Mr. Morley called attention to the mispronunciation of Lamb's pen-name, "Elia," in a recent issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature.*

I wish he had added the fact that William Hone (Lamb's contemporary) rhymed "Elia" with "desire."

That leave us still a little in doubt as to the proper syllable to accent, and also the longness or shortness of the "i."

As to the origin of the name, inasmuch as no literary work of the original "Elia," from whom Lamb says he borrowed the name, has ever come to light, I for one am inclined to believe that Lamb was "spoofing" again.

By the way, I find that there is (or was) a place in Ceylon named "Newara Elia." This place-name was doubtless known to the employees of the East India House, and may possibly have something to do with the origin of the pen-name, whether originally Lamb's or someone else."

LOUIS N. FEIPEL.

Brooklyn.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

"The Bowling Green" is a very good column, especially when it leans towards the literary—but sometimes (particularly in the September 15th issue) it contains too much biergarten flavor.

Here is one reader who will not be "civilized."

J. C. W. BIRN.

Bloomfield, N. J.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

"The gastrophile tinge" given to the Bowling Green in the last issue of the *Saturday Review,* was most pleasing to one of your readers.

I wonder if you have read the delectable and risible "Glutton's Mirror," by the late William Caine, Adelphi Co., New York. 1926.

ALLAN J. SCILLY.

Sheffield, Pa.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I am surprised that Mr. Morley, with all his knowledge of the ways of advertising, the man who, as we say in our quaint idiom, "put Ginger Cubes on the map," should think a glossary necessary to explain H. O. to the American mind. Are the labors of advertising men so vain? I cut my eye teeth on H. O. twenty-five years ago, when Edward Ellsworth was president of the H. O. Company, and the newspaper advertisements were embellished with silhouettes of Oliver Twist and the Beadle, by that gifted silhouettist, Walter Fawcett, because the H. O. package carried an old woodcut of the scene where Oliver asks for more. Whatever exploitation H. O. had or has in England was an echo of that in this country, which built the factory in England as a branch of the American house.

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS.

New York City.

Peccavi

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In a review of "François Villon" by D. B. Wyndham Lewis, in your issue of September 15th, the reviewer, Mr. Garnet Smith, has very evidently confused the author with Mr. Wyndham Lewis, author of "Time and Western Man." This is unfortunate as these talented writers have nothing whatever in common.

We made a special effort in our advance notices and publicity to make clear the distinction. May we add that this book was published jointly with Edwin V. Mitchell of Hartford who was originally responsible for bringing the manuscript to this country?

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"Thee and Thou"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In your issue of September 15th, in a review of a new translation of the Bible, it is said that in certain parts of their text "the editors use the old-fashioned Quaker thou, thy, and thee." These pronouns were in use, of course, long before there were any Quakers, but what I wish at the moment to point out is a mistake that I have seen in print many times since Mr. Hoover's candidacy called attention to Quakers—or, more correctly, to the Society of Friends. Constantly one reads "the Quaker thou and thee." But no member of this sect says, or ever did say, "thou." "Thee" and "thy" serve all needs. One never hears "Dost thou?" or "Wilt thou?" or "Thou shalt not" but, instead, "Does thee?" "Will thee?", and "Thee shall not." Why the "thou" was ignored by the first Friends and "thee" adopted for the accusative as well as the nominative case, I have never heard explained. But so it is and was and probably ever will be in the "plain language" of Friends.

M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

New York City.

Maurice Rostand, son of the author of "L'Aiglon," has raised a tempest in a teapot with his play, "Napoleon the Fourth," which the more excitable of his countrymen declare will bring about a rupture in Anglo-French relations. The drama contains many lines uncomplimentary to the English, but the principal count against it is that it depicts Bonaparte having been sent to his death at the hands of the Zulus of South Africa through the treachery of Queen Victoria.

1 "ANNE, intoxicated and torn in two between her husband's will and the King's lust, weary with wine, fear and long-drawn tension, was sitting at Louis' bidding in front of him on the table, with her hair dishevelled and lack-lustre eyes, her face turned towards Oliver. Suddenly
2 "THE KING stood up, his movements were quick and assured, as though he had shaken off his drunkenness. Without a word, he kissed the shoulders of Necker's wife with the calm assurance of a possessor, and led her to the door, where he was confronted by
3 "OLIVER, holding Anne's coif and gown in his hands, his face wild and hard set with determination. The veins in Louis' brow stood out like whipcord. 'Back' he cried, through clenched teeth.
4 "THE CARDINAL woke up yawning . . . In his red biretta he looked dignified, intelligent and pleasure-loving, and while his full-lipped mouth seemed almost feminine above his retreating double chin, his short, broad nose, his prominent brow and the hard line of his eyes were of a disconcerting energy and pitilessness."
THESE ARE NO COMMON CLAY...
these sinister figures . . . caring naught for good or evil. Their ruthless scheming marks them out among the ruck of human kind. And in presenting them, their author, Alfred Neumann, has not only written a story as exciting, as horrifying, as bizarre as could be required, whose every other situation makes the blood run cold and leaves the reader breathless*, but has constructed a novel in which the philosophy is subtly interesting and the metaphysical issues as intriguing† as the robust and not in the least philosophical scene indicated by the quotations above. Get THE DEVIL, price $3.00, from your bookshop, and enjoy the thrill of meeting these vivid personalities in its 368 pages.
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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE ROMANESQUE LYRIC: From Petronius To The Cambridge Songs. By PHILLIP SCHUYLER ALLEN. With Renderings into English Verse by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1928. $4.50.

The body of this stimulating study in comparative literature is devoted to setting forth two main theses. The first is that the Romanesque lyric, as Professor Allen calls the non-classical Latin lyric from the first to the eleventh centuries, is "a species of poetry apart like from classical inheritance and from vernacular beginnings," "a new and dauntless entity in the world of human symbol," which has a literary value all its own, irrespective of its relations to the classical past and the medieval future. The Romanesque lyric, culminating in the Carolingian poets, is thus not only an expression of the life of its age, but in theme and treatment a part of the continuous history of poetry. The other, and much more doubtful, contention maintains a strong influence of Celtic and Arabic poetry upon the Latin verse of this Romanesque period, with much emphasis upon the share of the Goths as a transmitting influence in medieval culture. The argument is spirited and often strongly controversial, with abundant illustrative examples, and the reader's interest is whetted in the volume on Gothardic poetry which is here announced.

An important element in the present volume is Professor Jones's free translations of more than seventy Latin poems into various forms of English verse. These will be welcome to lovers of poetry regardless of their attitude towards the more contentious portions of the text.

LAUGHING, An Essay. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG (The Pleasures of Life Series.) Harper. 1928. $2.

Why should a book in ten chapters with a Prelude be called "An Essay"? Probably Mr. Armstrong meant not a reference to form or size, but a light, personal, and irresponsible manner. Whoever says "Essay," you have to guess what he means. Though Mr. Armstrong writes wisely and with wit, and we presume all that he says about the nature and habit of laughing is true, still, we think laughing one of the poorest of subjects to write about. No amount of writing about it makes it more of a pleasure. Even so clever a man cannot avoid platitude and theme meditation. It is ruinous. We have read Bergson and Max Eastman on Laughter, and now Mr. Armstrong, and have taken no pleasure in any of them. Laughter is one thing that should be left forever unanalyzed, untamed, uncouth, uncomprehended, something about which all our opinions are chaotic, superstitious, and mistaken. Yet Mr. Armstrong is a pleasurable essayist and knows well how to light his way with parable and anecdote.

Biography

TWENTY YEARS WITH JAMES G. BLAINE. By THOMAS H. SHERMAN. Grafton Press. 1928. $3.50.

These reminiscences of the "Plumed Knight" by a man who held the confidential position of private secretary to him for two decades contain no revelations and do nothing to lessen whatever mystery clings to Blaine's attitude toward the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1892. Mr. Sherman does not even mention his chief's sensational resignation from Harrison's Cabinet a few months before the meeting of the convention. The book shows once more how a person's memory may play him false with reference to a critical event in which he was interested. Mr. Sherman speaks of the famous Burchard speech, with its alliterative phrase, "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," as having been made "a few days" after the "millionaires' dinner," which also was used against Blaine. The dinner took place on the very evening of the day of the Burchard indiscretion. An especially interesting part of the volume is that which reproduces Mrs. Blaine's record of the day on which Garfield was shot while he and his Secretary of State were walking through the waiting-room of the Washington railway station. An appendix presents the memorial address on Garfield which Blaine, by request of Congress, delivered a few months after the President had succumbed to his wound—an address which deserves to be much better known than it is and which far outranks the overpraised rhetoric of the speech by which Ingersoll placed Blaine in nomination for the Presidency in the convention of 1876.

Fiction

PENELOPE'S WEB. By HARRIET T. COMSTOCK. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

This tale follows a pattern rather usual with Harriet Comstock. As the jacket says, in every book she writes of a problem of life—"a problem that lies at the root of untold unhappiness." But she writes of these problems in a way that makes people with different ones feel very much cheered. Her characters are put through the whole bag of tricks of conventional unhappiness, but they stand right up to misfortune, smile bravely through their tears, and get to work. Work is the great panacea in Harriet Comstock's therapy. If you *do*, she says, you can stand what *is*. And because she can tell a good story and make her characters surprisingly life-like, people are going to read "Penelope's Web" and the next twenty books she writes.

THE TITANIC HOTEL MYSTERY. By JOHN HAWK. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

This is the second detective story by John Hawk that we have read. We liked "The Serpent-Headed Stick" better. Sark, "the renowned and brilliant private detective" didn't strike us as remarkable. And the characters seemed all out of old stock. After all, your detective story has to be so devilishly ingenious and swiftly moving that it doesn't matter about the characters; or the characters, at least one or two, must have convincing identity. The jacket on the book is crudely drawn, and, without the title, one would suspect a French farce within. The story is English in setting, and two of the villains are Americans not at all noticeably American. All the people concerned are mediocre. We should call the narrative machine-made a 1 rather tiredly written.

ESCAPE ME NEVER. By JOHN PRESLAND. Appleton. 1928. $2.

John Presland (Gladys Skelton) has attempted, under this Browning quotation to tell the story of a great and inevitable love. Out of a veritable welter of events and places the author does succeed in creating an atmosphere of feverish unreal intensity, but her characters are a little too carefully unusual to be convincing. They show a decided tendency to flash into symbols while going about the ordinary affairs of life. The sensitive, war-worn young Englishman, whose life is a sub-conscious seeking after the one love, sloughs too frequently his own personality to become the prototype of youth, in duress in a world gone mad, still sure of its own fixed star. And Anastasia, the beautiful, the aristocratic, the fallen, glows with the usurped radiance of all sacrificial love. This story of love triumphant over squalor, sin, and cruelty, finding its fine flower in abnegation, has passages of beauty and scenes of reality, but artifice seems always just around the corner.

TWO BLACK CROWS IN THE A. E. F. By *Charles E. Mack*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE CHILDERMASS. By *Wyndham Lewis*. Part I. Covici-Friede. $3.

HERITAGE. By *Rose C. Feld*. Knopf. $2.50.

OLD PYBUS. By *Warwick Deeping*. Knopf. $2.50.

PSYCHE. By *Pierre Louys*. Covici-Friede.

MURDER WILL OUT. By *George E. Minot*. Marshall Jones. $2.

THE HANDSOME MAN. By *Margaret Turnbull*. Reilly & Lee. $2 net.

RAMONA. By *Helen Hunt Jackson*. Little, Brown.

RABELAIS: THE LIVES, HEROIC DEEDS AND SAYINGS OF GARGANTUA AND HIS SON PANTAGRUEL. Translated by *Sir Thomas Urquhart* and *Peter le Motteux*. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

THE ENTERPRISING BURGLAR. By *Hearndon Balfour*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

A VOYAGE TO PAGANY. By *William Carlos Williams*. Macaulay. $2.50.

SAMSON. By *Robert Colby Washburn*. Sears. $2.50.

WHITE OAK FARM. By *Elliott Crayton McCants*. Longmans, Green. $2.

TRICKS OF WOMEN. Translated by *Paul Fenimore Cooper*. Morrow. $4.

TAMMANY BOY. By *Dermot Cavanagh*. Sears. $2.

(*Continued on next page*)

No. 2

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with her first two novels, *The Time of Man* and *My Heart and My Flesh*, established herself in the forefront of American writers. Sherwood Anderson, Zona Gale, Rebecca West, Edward Garnett, Hugh Walpole, Arnold Bennett, Henry Seidel Canby and Ford Madox Ford were among those to hail her as the brightest star that has appeared on the American horizon in years. Her third novel

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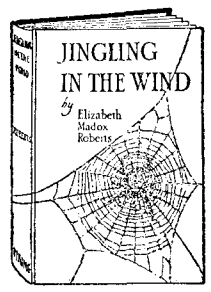

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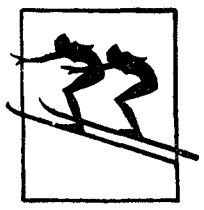

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

NEVER GO BACK. By *George Boas.* Harpers. $2.50.

THE FRIEND OF JESUS. By *Ernest Sutherland Bates.* Simon & Schuster.

SQUAD. By *James B. Wharton.* Coward-McCann. $2.

THIS WAY OUT. By *Philip Littell.* Coward-McCann. $2.50.

ANGEL CHILD. By *Grace Perkins.* Henkle. $2.

OUT OF THE SILENCE. By *Erle Cox.* Henkle. $2.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By *John Bunyan.* New York: The Bunyan Anniversary Society. $5.

History

OLD DEADWOOD DAYS. By ESTELLINE BENNETT. J. H. Sears. 1928. $3.

This is indeed an addition to Americana. The author of the book is the daughter of the first Federal Judge appointed to the Deadwood district of the Black Hills. She lived in Deadwood from the age of five until she was a woman grown. She saw its bad men sentenced in her father's court. She gives a vivid account of the old pioneer town. Calamity Jane was Deadwood's most dramatic woman, Wild Bill Hickok a famous marshal of the time. This narrative is informal and full of anecdote. The gold frenzy, the gambling, the drinking and shooting, the stage holdups, all these are here told of by one who knew of it all from eye-witnesses. The book's illustrations have been gathered together from all sorts of nooks and crannies, many are dimmed by time, but all show authentically just how Deadwood looked. The author's pen vividly supplies whatever color may be lacking in the illustrations. Her memory is a good one and she runs the range of local characters and episodes in a breezy manner. Also, she does not lack a sense of the dramatic. We can recommend this book to anyone interested in the period. It is a period that is becoming popular today with modern American biographers. "Old Deadwood Days" supplies another link in the chain of evidence.

THE STAMMERING CENTURY. By *Gilbert Seldes.* Day. $5 net.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN RAILROADING. By *John W. Starr, Jr.* Dodd, Mead.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 43. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short poem called "A Dog's Death." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of October 8.)

Competition No. 44. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most amusing words of the Senator's Patter Song from an American Comic Opera, "The Pirates of Finance," by Gilbert and Sullivan. (Entries, which should be of printable length, must reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of October 22.)

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

THE FORTY-FIRST COMPETITION

The prize for the best sonnet called "The End of the World" has been awarded to Maurine Halliburton McGee of Oklahoma City.

THE PRIZE SONNET

THE END OF THE WORLD

AFTER the flames and awful noises, fell
A silence, utter emptiness of sound;
The world, a monstrous horror, yet turned round
The sun, yet on its axis wheeled the shell
With nothing of its substance left to tell
How eons to its fashioning were bound,
Until a wind among the planets wound,
All vestige of corruption to dispel.

Tremulous, as a paper when the flame
Has licked its last yet keeps its shape the same
In ash until a stir of air destroys
The coherence of habit, with a noise
No greater, earth collapsed, a broken char;
And men on other planets missed a star.

MAURINE HALLIBURTON MCGEE.

Any demand for a sonnet is sure to be liberally fulfilled in the Wits' Weekly. This time the theme seems to have been even more popular than the form; for a large number of entries raised the question—when is a sonnet not a sonnet? One answer is—when it has seventeen lines. Fourteen are good enough for me. But I applaud the lady who offered two "sonnets in free verse."

The task of reading more than a hundred sonnets at a sitting was lightened for me by one or two conscious humorists led by Claudius Jones.

Some think the world will straight to ruin go
If their next child's a daughter, not a son,
If their next pastry's somewhat underdone,
If their Matilda answers with a No.
The end will be—a market high or low,
A papist on the seat of Washington,
Or prohibition either lost or won,
Or if their wife says, "James, I told you so!"
But all calamities I ever know
Have come and gone and others followed after;
The problem lasts however great the sum,
And still I find the admonition true,
"'Tis better dry your tears and turn to laughter."
Cheer up my son, the worst is yet to come.

Two serious sonnets by the same author were among the best of the week. Ralph B. Yule's sestet must also be quoted.

And this I pray, that when the finis comes
I lack nor haircut nor a recent shave.
I hope my pants are pressed, my teeth and gums
Healthy, inspectable; then to the grave
I'll go serene. A sinner, yes, but brave,
I'll take my chances with the other bums.

R. Desha Lucas took an opportunity to express the feelings of one competitor who frequently misses winning these prizes by some hair's breadth. Unfortunately there is no space to print his amusing complaint. There was some unconscious humor too. One good entry tripped itself up in the midst with the single line "The sky, no longer blue, is inky hued." And it will be a long time before I cease to treasure the sestet—

We've seen that our frail bodies turn to dust,
But beauty of the rose—display of light—
Small these fade into unremembered night?
Alas! Proud Science has decreed they must.
The universe itself shall pass away,
There's nothing we can do—no word to say.

I always knew that science was the villain of the piece. Howard Donnelly's sonnet worries half facetiously about the earth's capacity to find standing room for everybody on the Day of Resurrection which he dated a million years hence.

But the majority of our sonneteers were serious and more or less scientific. Richard Denham tried a little too hard to embody Dr. Millikan's theories in fourteen lines; and Adelaide White was original enough to write from the supposed point of view of 8000 A.D. In her sonnet science controls all things, men's hopes and passions have disappeared and they would destroy the world and themselves but for the fact that

. . . . dread foreknowledge tells us this is vain,
Some star will cool and life will start again

—which is not a very convincing reason.

At the bottom of my heart I had hoped for something in the old mode with fire, brimstone, and damnation. The prizewinner, John F. Doughty, Homer Parsons, and a few others touched the Isaac Watts tradition at various points, and Frances H. Gaines was the best of those who preferred an icy end. Her sonnet and those by Branwen Hughes Powys and Deborah C. Jones all challenged M. H. McGee's entry which, though rather awkwardly arranged, especially in the rhyming of the sestet, and a little forced in places, is built upon a really impressive simile and strikes a note of real horror. On the whole it deserved to take the prize away from several more skilfully written sonnets. Other outstanding entries were by Mors, E. McRoberts, Leonard Doughty, Calvin W. White, Everett Partridge, and Alice M. Dowd. Marshall M. Brice, David Heathestone and some others who offered several entries would do better to spend their skill in perfecting one sonnet before beginning another. They are among the best of several regular competitors whose facility constantly prevents them from making the most of their considerable talents.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. *Envelopes should be addressed to* Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature,* 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

THE geographical centre of this department is once more New York City. The transference was smoothly effected; eggs and bacon have slipped back to bacon and eggs without a jar, and already the vegetable marrow has taken on the legendary and incredible aspect it wears to the American out of England. London gave me her sunniest summer since 1911; over there they keep a somewhat wistful record of hours of sun, and there were more than seven hundred of them this year as against some four hundred last. If these came between showers it was kind rain, and anyway I have eaten so much cabbage this summer that I need rainfall lest I wilt.

On the way home I met Christopher Morley's whale. Scenting the *Saturday Review of Literature* somewhere upon the ocean, he made rapidly for the ship, scanned the crowd at the rail, and seeing only the Reader's Guide, submerged with every evidence of chagrin. The evidence could be gathered from the expression of his back; he is a very expressive whale. I trust he never learns that Mr. Morley lives on Long Island Sound, it would be so inconvenient for bathing to have an infatuated whale off the dock begging for biscuits.

My shipboard gratitude for books read goes this time in two directions. First, to Alfred Tressider Sheppard for "Here Comes an Old Sailor" (Doubleday, Doran), so engrossing a historical novel that on a day of storm that kept everyone between decks I got out the ship's atlas and looked up every place mentioned in it, from Reculver to Romney, on a large-scale map of Kent. Having testified to the value of the work as pure entertainment, I may add without driving away the reader that the author is a member of the Archaeological Society and the detail of his story is not only rich but sound. If it bears hard on folklore and magic, so did its period—from the death of Becket to the close of the reign of King John.

The other gratitude is to the American Library Association for the series "Reading with a Purpose," which I had ordered as a whole, desiring to go through them from one end to the other and see just how much ground was covered by their combined reading-lists. This I accomplished from a steamer-chair, to the enlivenment of a stormy voyage, and am thus entitled to testify that as pure reading-matter the introductions to these popular pamphlets are in almost every case model surveys or introductory sketches of important subjects. Sometimes, as in those of Hamlin Garland, Claude Bowers, Frederic Paxon, W. C. Carlton, they are essays of high value.

The Lantern Bookshop of Lake Placid, N. Y., asks on behalf of a client for books concerning the mountains of North Carolina.

AS this collector has been at work some time, I cannot hope that I will introduce to him "Our Southern Highlanders," by Horace Kephart (Macmillan), for it is the classic on this subject. I could not print a list without it, however, for even the mountaineers would protest. It was called "the book" in that region in the days of its first shape, and now in the revised and enlarged edition it is quite as well-respected. It is a narrative of adventure by one who lived there without missionary intentions: the new edition includes present-day moonshining. "The Carolina Mountains," by Margaret W. Morley (Houghton Mifflin), describes the mountains themselves, their flora, fauna, and scenery. Campbell's "The Southern Highlander and his Homeland" (Russell Sage Foundation) is the result of a survey, set down in a fashion more than usually attractive to the general reader; this includes a bibliography that will be of use to the collector. No list of this sort could leave out the volumes of "Carolina Folk Plays" published by Holt, of which there are now two sets of six plays each, with another in the press. These are the result of the distinctive and disinguished work of the Carolina Playmakers, organized and directed by Dr. Frederick H. Koch in connection with the University of North Carolina. The volume that is soon coming, "Carolina Folk Plays, Third Series" (Holt), has an introduction by Paul Green, who was introduced first to the stage and then to the reading public by this organization, with his remarkable one-act "The Last of the Lowries," in the first volume of this series; in this one he has a comedy, "Quare Medicine," and there are plays by other writers about the Lowrie gang, the mill people, and other aspects of life in the state. Several other plays by Paul Green have mountain themes. Lucy Furman's stories are as valuable for information as they are entertaining to read. "The Glass Window" (Little, Brown) is the one with the most continuous plot, though it is no more complicated than the efforts of a wise old married woman to bring her conservative husband around to admitting into their cabin the dangerous innovation of a glass window. However, "The Quare Woman" (Little, Brown), "Mothering on Perilous" (Macmillan), and "The Lonesome Road" (Little, Brown) are all too good to be left out of any list of books about our frontiers. T. S. Stribling has a new novel, "Bright Metal" (Doubleday, Doran), that comes pretty close to these requirements geographically; the heroine marries a man from the Tennessee mountains and goes home with him to live as generations of mountaineers have done. There are many local types, and the scene is vividly set forth.

The authority on this section is the University of North Carolina, which maintains through its University Extension Division at Chapel Hill a bulletin service truly remarkable. Some of these pamphlets are for the use of study-clubs in rural or small-town districts and deal with literature in general or the new books in particular; some are sociological, like the one that has just reached me, a thought-provoking symposium on "Some Problems in Democracy in North Carolina." Several of these bulletins would be useful to one making a collection of mountaineer books, and their average price is fifty cents.

This reminds me that *"A Subscriber," Denver, Colorado,* lately asked me if "The Journal of a Lady of Quality," supposed to have been taken from an original manuscript and dealing with the travels of a young woman who came from England to America and back again in the eighteenth century, is an authentic work. I hope Miss King-Hall, whose juvenile audacity gave to the world Cleone Knox's "Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion in the Year 1764-1765" (Appleton) will note the degree to which it has undermind public confidence. This book, however, is authentic; the Yale University Press publishes it in two editions: it is the "Journal of a Lady of Quality from Scotland to the West Indies, North Carolina, and Portugal, in 1774-1776," made by Janet Schaw and edited by Charles McLean Andrews and Mrs. Evangeline Andrews. It is one of the books to be commended to this collector.

M. H., Piqua, O., asks for inexpensive guide-books to England, with a generous supply of maps; not particularly of literary flavor but mentioning literary as well as historical associations: especially a good map of London.

THE Blue Guides for "England" and for "London" (Macmillan) are the ones I have used on all sorts of tours, walking, motor, and by rail. The map in "London" is in sections, with an unusually good system of finding places; I can heartily recommend both these guide-books for field use. For reading purposes, either as inspiration in planning trips or for gathering the threads of what one has seen, there are so many good books that I must keep to comparatively new ones: "About England," by M. V. Hughes (Morrow), for instance, which I have been keeping at hand this summer; it is spirited and unhackneyed in subjects chosen and in their treatment; "Here's England," by Marion Balderston (McBride), for travel by motor or by rail; "London's Countryside," by Edric Holmes (McRae-Smith), and "Walks About London," by W. H. Hirst (Holt)—these are books a London visitor finds useful in planning where to spend Sunday—"In Search of England," by H. V. Morton (McBride); and if you like a gay treatment of the subject let the peerless Evoe (E. V. Knox) enlighten you in "I'll Tell the World" (Doubleday, Doran), a parody guidebook to England. "Touring England," by Sydney Jones (Scribner), is a practical and valuable help to the motorist; it has excellent pictures.

Once across the ocean the bookshops bulge with books about special localities—Cornwall, Devon, the Lake Country and so on, to say nothing about the excellent railway guides, concerning which much is said in gratitude by American travelers. But these are for reading on the spot or at least on the edge of departure. The Highways and Byways Series (Macmillan) covers the island and is thoroughly reliable. As for London, "The London Perambulator," by James Bone (Knopf), is without a peer for text and for pictures, but no one book more than dusts over the surface of the city. For brief surveys such as a first visit finds useful there is E. V. Lucas's "Introducing London" (Doran), H. V. Morton's "When You Go to London" (Harper), "The American's London," by T. H. Martin (E. V. Mitchell), "Old London," by Gertrude Burford Rawlings (Little, Brown), "This London" by R. Thurston Hopkins (Lippincott).

"Rambles in Cathedral Cities," by J. H. Wade (Stokes) is a good inexpensive guide, and as for the important subject of inns, new additions to this literature are "The Taverns of Old England," by H. P. Maskell (Day), showing how they arose and what they are now, with illustrations by Alan Gill, and "The Book of the Inn" (Doran), an alluring anthology of prose and poetry arranged by Thomas Burke (Doran).

F. L. C., Berea, Ky., asks for the best books on the life and works of Tennyson, and the best edition of his poetry.

THE Cambridge edition, published by Houghton Mifflin, one large volume with a biographical sketch by W. J. Rolfe, would be my own first choice: the Macmillan one-volume edition, another good one, is edited by Hallam Tennyson. Harold Nicolson's "Tennyson: Aspects of His Life, Character and Poetry" (Houghton Mifflin), is biography and criticism combined; with this I believe the present-day reader would make his most satisfactory approach to the poetry—supposing that he made a detour around it in his youth. It

(*Continued on next page*)

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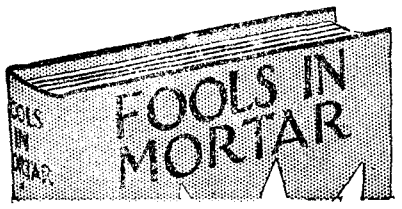

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Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

may even bring him to a better understanding of the poet's place in his century and ours if he was firmly propelled through Tennyson by his required reading. Stopford Brooke's "Tennyson, His Art and Relation to Modern Life" (Putnam) is a valuable interpretation, and the personal side is especially good in the essay "A First Sight of Tennyson," in Edmund Gosse's "Portraits and Sketches" (Heinemann).

G. S., Akron, Ohio, tells me that "Spanish Simplified," by Augustin Knoflach is a concise and lucid explanation of the principles of the Spanish language, a complete course of instruction for the purpose of reading, business and travel, and that I need have no fear in recommending it to any inquirer on this matter. He asks if there is as good a book for French: before I issue any more advice I would be glad to get experiences from actual use of any of the books now available in this country for the purpose of learning French without a teacher.

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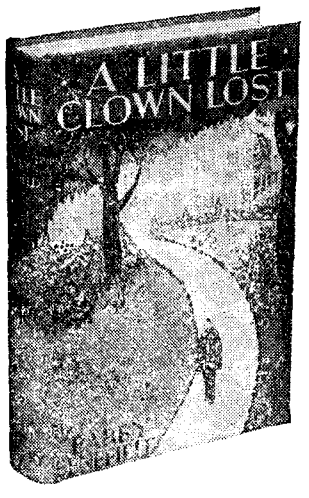

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DR. OTTO H. F. VOLLBEHR, in behalf of himself and Madame Vollbehr, has presented to the Library of Congress one of the two collections of printers' marks which he has gathered. The collection given to the Library numbers 10,800 pieces, representing printers of Europe from the *fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries.* There are, for instance, 3,600 specimens of German marks, 3,500 Italian, 1,450 French, 800 Netherlands, 600 Swiss, 300 Belgian, with smaller representations from the other countries.

The artists represented include Cranach, Holbein, Amman, Beham, and many others. The arrangement of the marks is according to countries with alphabetical sequence of places, printers, and publishers. The specimens are uniformly mounted on cardboard, and many show bibliographical annotations by Theodor Voelcker.

The great collections of books in the Library of Congress show many surprising gaps, especially in early books, fine printing and such material as this new gift contains. It is generally assumed that the Library is a repository for all important printed books, but owing to the fact that such an assumption is wide-spread, and that the Library has not been able to purchase rarities in competition with private and endowed institutious, until recently comparatively few important donations have been made. The erection in the future of a building to house the magnificent Elizabethan collection to be presented to the nation by Henry K. Folger, Esq., of New York, and such donations to the Library as the Vollbehr collection of printers' marks, are indications of a possible influx of books which will, if continued, place the Library of Congress in an impregnable position as the greatest depositary of books in the world.

R.

COURSES IN PRINTING

TWO institutions in New York city offer courses in printing this winter. The College of Fine Arts of New York University, coöperating with the American Institute of Graphic Arts, announces a course in "Graphic Arts and Processes," to be given by Mr. Frederic W. Goudy from September to January, with a second term course to be announced later. A general consideration of the history of printing, illustrated by examples, together with "a sufficient number of practical problems to strengthen and fix the theoretical aspects of each session" will be the plan for the course.

The Alumni Association of Pratt Institute announces a series of lectures and classroom studies designed to meet the needs of printers and typographers to be given during the winter by Mr. Frederic J. Suhr at the Studio of the Association, 170 Fifth Avenue.

R.

PRINTING OF TO-DAY

THE wealth of illustration now available on the subject of printing both old and new is something to marvel at for those of us who struggled along without such aids in that past when printing was in a low state. Mr. Stanley Morison set the ball rolling with his great folios, and for the past few years there have been issuing steadily from the press these useful tools for printer and amateur. While such compilations cannot possess the authority of actual examples, they are cheaper, more easily come by, and serve equally well as models for current work.

The latest volume to come to us is "Printing of To-day," "an illustrated survey of post-war typography in Europe and the United States." The book is edited by Oliver Simon and Julius Rodenberg, and has an introduction by Aldous Huxley. Mr. Simon covers English printing, Mr. Rodenberg that of Continental Europe, and Paul Beaujon that of the United States.

Mr. Huxley's introduction, as the reflections of a literary man and not of a practising printer, are worth reading, if for no other words than those in which he exposes the fallacy of extreme typographic modernity. "But the truth is that Typography is an art in which violent revolutions can scarcely, in the nature of things, hope to be successful. A type of revolutionary novelty may be extremely beautiful in itself; but, for the creatures of habit that we are, its very novelty tends to make it illegible, at any rate to begin with. . . . Now, in order that it may be immediately legible, a type must be similar to the types with which we are familiar." It would seem, indeed, to this reviewer, as if there were scant need for new type forms at present, but for a thorough cleaning out of old type cases, and the substitution for bad forms of some of the very numerous good ones now available here or in Europe. When one sees what can be accomplished by skilful typographers in giving new vitality to accepted types, one is impressed with the futility of trying bizarre and ugly letters, and weird, contorted arrangements.

And that well known old letters like Caslon, Scotch Roman, and Baskerville, or newly revived forms like Civilité, Granjon, or Garamond, are by no means exhausted derelicts is sufficiently shown by the admirable examples shown in the 122 plates of illustrations. Old friends are here: for the specimens are of "post-war typography." The very first example is that most British of post-war books—and as charming as the Gloucestershire houses which reflect his work—the Life and Works of Ernest Gimson, in which Caslon type is used with consummate fitness and success by the Shakespeare Head Press. And there is, of course, illustration of the Oxford University Press' happy possession of Bishop Fell's type. In the American section there are shown those two faces which are as fine as anything in the way of type either here or abroad—the Oxford and Brimmer, the latter robust and very much alive, the former, perhaps, "as fine as lace, but just a little sere." Of the Continental examples the German specimens seem to me much the more interesting, as would be expected from the way in which the German typographers have frankly accepted type itself as the decorative element in their printing. But the collection, if necessarily far from complete, is catholic in spirit: there is a Hungarian example for one thing, which achieves a very great deal of style simply by use of alternate red and black lines.

Altogether we commend this collection as an excellent hand-book, which for the $10 asked gives more than that in inspiration and satisfaction.

R.

We append a quotation from Mr. Huxley's introduction:

In our enthusiasm for the spirit we are often unjust to the letter. Inward and outward, substance and form are not easily separated. In many circumstances of life and for the vast majority of human beings they constitute an indissoluble unity. Substance conditions form; but form no less fatally conditions substance. Indeed, the outward may actually create the inward, as when the practice of religious rites creates religious faith, or the commemoration of the dead revives, or even calls into existence, the emotions to which the ceremonial gives symbolical expression.

There are other cases, however, in which spirit seems not to be so closely dependent on letter, in which the quality of the form does not directly affect the quality of the substance. The sonnets of Shakespeare remain the sonnets of Shakespeare even in the most abominable edition. Nor can the finest printing improve their quality. The poetical substance exists independently of the visible form in which it is presented to the world. But though, in this case, the letter is powerless to make or mar the spirit which it symbolizes, it is not for that reason to be despised as mere letter, mere form, mere negligible outside. Every outside has a corresponding inwardness. The inwardness of letters does not happen to be literature; but that is not to say that they have no inwardness at all. Good printing cannot make a bad book good, nor bad printing ruin a good book. But good printing can create a valuable spiritual state in the

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reader, bad printing a certain spiritual discomfort. The inwardness of letters is the inwardness of any piece of visual art regarded simply as a thing of beauty. A volume of the Penny Classics may give us the sonnets of Shakespeare in their entirety; and for that we may be duly grateful. But it cannot at the same time give us a work of visual art. In a finely printed edition we have Shakespeare's sonnets *plus* the lovely equivalent of, say, a Persian rug or a piece of Chinese porcelain. The pleasure we should derive from bowl or carpet is added to that which the poetry gives us. At the same time our minds are sensitized by the contemplation of the simple visual beauty of the letters: they are made more susceptible of receiving the other and more complex beauties, all the intellectual and spiritual content, of the verse. For our sensations, our feelings and ideas do not exist independently of one another, but form, as it were, the constituent notes of what is either a discord or a harmony. The state of mind produced by the sight of beautiful letters is in harmony with that created by the reading of good literature. Their beauty can even compensate us, in some degree, for what we suffer from bad literature. They can give us intense pleasure, as I discovered in China, even when we do not understand what they signify. For what astounding elegances and subtleties of form stare out in gold or lampblack from the shop-fronts and the hanging scarlet signs of a Chinese street! What does it matter if the literary spirit expressed by these strange symbols is only 'Fried Fish and Chips,' or 'A Five Guinea Suit for Thirty Shillings'? The letters have a value of their own apart from what they signify, a private inwardness of graphic beauty. The Chinese themselves, for whom the Fish-and-Chips significance is no secret, are the most ardent admirers of this graphic beauty. Fine writing is valued by them as highly as fine painting. The writer is an artist as much respected as the sculptor or the potter.

Writing is dead in Europe; and even when it flourished, it was never such a finely subtle art as among the Chinese. Our alphabet has only six and twenty letters, and when we write, the same forms must constantly be repeated. The result is, inevitably, a certain monotonousness in the aspect of the page—a monotonousness enhanced by the fact that the forms themselves are, fundamentally, extremely simple. In Chinese writing, on the other hand, the ideographs are numbered by thousands and have none of the rigid, geometrical simplicity that characterizes European letters. The rich flowing brushwork is built up into elaborate forms, each form the symbol of a word, distinct and different. Chinese writing is almost the artistic image of thought itself, free, various, unmonotonous.

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ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

His first full-length novel in twenty years, THERESA, THE CHRONICLE OF A WOMAN'S LIFE, *is published today.*

When ARTHUR SCHNITZLER writes a full-length novel, *that's news.*

Theresa, The Chronicle of A Woman's Life, just released, has been called a Viennese *Jane Eyre,* since the heroine becomes a governess and is in other respects similar to her more respectable, or less courageous, English counterpart.

A number of German critics, acclaiming SCHNITZLER'S first full-size novel in two decades, call him the Austrian Maupassant.

To *The Inner Sanctum* these analogies are gratifying but not entirely satisfactory: SCHNITZLER is comparable only to SCHNITZLER, just as Vienna is comparable only to Vienna.

Since the publication of his five famous novelettes in the last four years—*Fraulein Else, Beatrice, None But the Brave, Rhapsody,* and *Daybreak*—SCHNITZLER'S American audience has been vastly enlarged, but *The Inner Sanctum* is far from satisfied. In Germany and Austria, each new SCHNITZLER book is automatically a best-seller. It is serialized in the newspapers, and awaited with the fanfare reserved here in America for a new EMIL JANNINGS picture.

The newest addition to *The Inner Sanctum's* staff, by the way, has just arrived from Vienna. Connoisseurs of fine book-making who have admired the distinguished craftsmanship of the publications of *Paul Zsolnay Verlag,* in Vienna, Berlin and Leipsic, will share our delight in welcoming to America HERR ANDOR BRAUN, the designer and artist who is responsible for the typography and creation of these superb volumes. By a happy sort of international exchange professorship, HERR BRAUN will now preside over the layout and production of all *The Inner Sanctum's* books.

This reaching for more lovely patterns and more enduring beauty is *The Inner Sanctum's* answer to the spirit of mechanization now abroad in our chain-store culture. A reading of PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN'S new book on this subject (by a curious coincidence just published today by *The Inner Sanctum*) convinced the entire staff that Something Had To Be Done.

The reverberating chords of *Gotterdämmerung* in the title of this book, *The Twilight of The American Mind,* fall pleasantly upon the ears of *The Inner Sanctum.* Try a few of these Wagnerian thunderers from Professor Pitkin's predictions on your pianola:

THAT *very few high-grade intellects can succeed in business.*
THAT *artists and actors are more likely to be of average or sub-average intelligence than any other professional workers.*
THAT *as American business is now organized a man with a high-grade mind has to use it a few minutes every month in order to hold his job.*
THAT *the civil court is going the way of the dodo bird and the ichthyosaurus.*
THAT *our new civilization is driving in one direction while our schools, colleges and intellectual classes are driving in another.*
THAT *the ordinary American will soon be living in a Grade B Utopia while our decidedly superior intellectual men and women will be badly maladjusted.*

The author of these Carlylean fulminations, Professor Walter B. Pitkin, was actually engaged in *reading the entire Encyclopedia Britannica* [excepting only the advanced articles on logarithms and colloids] from A to Z, when *The Inner Sanctum* first encountered him fifteen years ago. Today *he is editing it.* His is the task of bringing out a new edition, scrapping every bit of old type, and working with James Harvey Robinson, George Bernard Shaw, John Dewey, Will Durant, Bertrand Russell, Henry Ford and hundreds of other scholars and men of affairs in the humanization of perhaps the biggest publication in the entire word business.

—ESSANDESS

THE PHOENIX NEST

THE two books we are reading at present — we usually are reading two books, if not more, at once and, consequently, getting rather mixed impressions—are "The Shadowy Thing," by *H. B. Drake,* who wrote that excellent adventure story, "Cursed Be the Treasure," and "Nothing is Sacred," a realistic novel by *Josephine Herbst,* recommended on the jacket by *Ring Lardner, Ford Madox Ford,* and *Ernest Hemingway.* The first-mentioned got us rather creepy the other evening about midnight. His publishers (Macy-Masius) are comparing Mr. Drake to *Bram Stoker.* Well, we are half through "The Shadowy Thing," and still, to our mind, it's a long way from "Dracula," though it has thrills. Still, it isn't arf bahd,—no, not arf! "Nothing is Sacred" (Coward-McCann) seems but a partial novel, a straightforward story of ordinary people, with no bunk about it, entirely honest, though not, to our mind, quite satisfactory in structure or in style. We shall inform you further on these. . . .

We have also been reading *Laura Riding* and *Robert Graves* on modernist poetry, and Miss Riding's other book which she wrote by herself, in which she takes a heavy fall out of *Edgar Allan Poe,* to her own satisfaction if not to ours. There is much of interest in "A Survey of Modernist Poetry," though in both books the didacticism of some of the analysis is more than a trifle overpowering. For instance, in analyzing *E. E. Cummings's* poem, "Sunset," Miss Riding and Mr. Graves rewrite it in more conventional fashion and then state: "This version shows that Cummings was bound to write the poem as he did in order to prevent it from becoming what we have made it." This is, obviously, nonsense. In a paraphrase done with a different intention the weaknesses of the authors' paraphrase would have been easy enough to avoid. Their evidence is inadmissable because it was done with the intention of proving Cummings's original method the better. Miss Riding is clever in "Contemporaries and Snobs," but also enormously sure of herself. She plays Lady Oracle. Her assay of the methods of certain "modernists" is certainly not without merit, but she is too fond of saying "smarty," ill-considered things such as, "*Francis Thompson* is not a respectable literary reference" (And just what does that mean?), "*Arthur Symons,* a feeble English decadent," and, of *Poe,* "Three-fifths of him sheer fudge and two-fifths sheer fudge would have been more accurate." She calls

Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

from "The Haunted Palace," "foolish lines." We, of course, are with *Mr. William Carlos Williams,* rather, in his admiration of thunder-blasted trees and stricken eagles; and we do wish that Miss Riding would give us some "foolish lines" in her own poetry, instead of the almost entirely uninteresting ones she has favored us with so far, or that she could bring herself to descend to the squalor of writing, with Francis Thompson, a "Hound of Heaven," or, with the decadent Symons, such a line as "Life is a naked runner lost in a storm of spears," or

As a perfume doth remain
In the folds where it hath lain,
So the thought of you remaining
Deeply folded in my brain
Will not leave me—all things leave me—
You remain.

But *T. S. Eliot* on perfumes is richer to Miss Riding than *Keats,* and her remarks about "*H. D.,*" for instance, are intolerably intolerant. Her own writing is an example, if not of the several snobbisms she attacks certainly of an intense snobbism of her own. One is inclined to question her credentials for all this assurance, to say the least. Doubtless it pleases her. . . .

Dear, dear! How hard didacticism concerning art does die! And yet, as we said, if you are less susceptible to irritation engendered by didacticism than we are, you will even more enjoy Miss Riding at her best. For both her own book and the one she has written with Mr. Graves furnish food for thought—and argument. . . .

Then we have been reading *Conrad Aiken's* short stories in "Costumes by Eros." We were one of those who liked "Blue Voyage." Some of the stories remind of *Katherine Mansfield*—we are not speaking of the opening story which is, of course, *about* Katherine Mansfield—and several of *Hemingway,* but for all that there is enough knowledge of life and enough genuine writing talent to make the reading of the book a pleasurable way to spend an evening. In spite of the Hemingway method, "Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!" is one of the best stories, and a good tale it is, convincing, poignant. And "I Love you Very Dearly" is an odd one containing the pith of a whole novel. We also liked particularly "West End" and "A Man Alone at Lunch." "The Necktie" and "The Professor's Escape" are more ample and more highly-flavored, but we prefer the others. You can get Aiken's book from Scribner's. We don't say it's first-rate, but it is decidedly interesting. . . .

Foster Damon, we hear, is at work on the long-discussed "Biography of *Amy Lowell,*" and strikes us as a good man to do it. Houghton Mifflin will publish it when ready. Damon is now in the English Department at Brown. . . .

Margaret Ayer Barnes whose first book, a book of short stories called "Prevailing Winds," Houghton Mifflin will publish in October, has just dramatized *Edith Wharton's* "The Age of Innocence," in which *Katharine Cornell* will play this winter. . . .

They say that "startling revelations" concerning the home life of a great novelist are in *C. E. Bechhofer-Roberts's* novel on *Charles Dickens,* "This Side Idolatry." According to this writer Dickens was a monumental, if not a monstrous, paradox as writer and husband. . . .

The third "American Caravan" will appear in the Fall of 1929. "The American Caravan" is now firmly established. It is edited by literary men, *Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, Paul Rosenfeld.* It seeks to nourish fresh growths in American letters. It is responsive to new forms. It is a book of over eight hundred pages, published by The Macaulay Company, and contains novels, plays, narrative poems, groups of stories, essays and dialogues. It is as able to print a novel of fifty thousand words as a poem of five lines. It brings together the established writer and the beginner. Contributions to the Third American Caravan may be submitted between November first 1928 and January fifteenth 1929. They should be addressed to The American Caravan, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Naturally, the Caravan is not in the market for cast-off and inferior goods. It wants the best the writer can offer. . . .

We recommend with all our might "The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo" by that *John Bennett* who wrote "Master Skylark." It is an inimitable children's book. The rhymes and the silhouette illustrations are both by Mr. Bennett. John Bennett is one of the finest silhouette artists in the country. Some of these astonishingly clever narratives in verse were classic favorites of our childhood, when they appeared in *Saint Nicholas.* This is the first time they have ever appeared in book-form. This is *the* Christmas book to buy for your children. It is published by Longmans, Green and Company. . . .

Both *Havelock Ellis* and *Dr. Malinowski* of the London University have highly praised *Margaret Mead's* "Coming of Age in Samoa." The first says. "It is not only a fascinating book to read, but most instructive and valuable." The second, who is the great master in the field Miss Mead has elected, calls it "an absolutely first-rate piece of descriptive anthropology . . . . Her style is fascinating as well as exact . . convincing to the specialist, attractive to the layman. In material, in argument and in presentation it is an outstanding achievement." The book is published by William Morrow and Company. . . .

Aldous Huxley's new novel "Point Counter Point" has been chosen by the Literary Guild as their October book. It will be published on October eleventh. . . .

And so, anon!

THE PHOENICIAN.

Books Worth Reading—

Swan Song
by John Galsworthy
"The best of the three post-war Forsyte novels."—*Boston Transcript.*
$2.50

Strange Fugitive
by Morley Callaghan
A brilliant novel of racketeers and their ways. "Chockful of personality."—*New York World.*
Fourth printing
$2.50

Costumes by Eros
by Conrad Aiken
Fourteen beautifully written stories by the author of "Blue Voyage."
$2.00

The Horns of Ramadan
by Arthur Train
author of "Ambition," etc.
A thrilling tale of an American soldier in the French Foreign Legion.
$2.00

Theodore Roosevelt's Diaries of Boyhood and Youth
A revealing, intimate and wholly charming self-portrait of the boyhood of a great personality.
Illustrated
$2.50

Mother of Kings
by Norval Richardson
A vivid character study of Letizia Bonaparte, mother of Napoleon, an accurate picture of an eventful life. *Illustrated*
$5.00

The Central Americans
by Arthur Ruhl
The republics between Mexico and Panama are the subject of this absorbing book by a keen-eyed observer. *Illustrated.* $3.00

at all bookstores
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

SING SING NIGHTS
By
Harry Stephen Keeler
$2.00
We recommend this as one of the outstanding mystery detective stories of the year.
E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Transplanting
By Marie Balascheff
Edited by Martha Genung Stearns
INTERESTING AND CHARMING
—Saturday Review
A RARE, RARE RECORD
—Springfield Republican
At all bookstores - - $2.50
The Macmillan Co., New York

EAT, DRINK & BE HEALTHY
The book that tells you how. Dietetics debunked!
By CLARENCE W. LIEB, M. D.
John Day $1.50

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from page 174*)

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week*)

SANDALS OF PEARL. By *Edith Howes*. Morrow. $2.

RICE TO RICE PUDDING. By *Janet Smalley*. Morrow. $1.75.

FAMILIAR BIRDS IN RHYME. By *Julius King*. Nelson.

PINOCCHIO. By *C. Collodi*. Nelson. $1.50.

THE LITTLE BROWN BOWL. By *Phila Butler Bowman*. Nelson. $2.

101 GAMES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By *Maude Day Baltzell*. Nelson. $1.50.

THE CORAL ISLAND. By *R. M. Ballantyne*. Nelson. $1.50.

SILVER AND GOLD. By *Enid Blyton*. Nelson.

THE STORY-HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By *Elizabeth O'Neil*. Nelson. $2.50.

BIBLE JINGLE RHYMES. By *Louise Carter*. Nelson. $2.

THE JOLLY OLD WHISTLE. By *Herschel Williams*. Nelson. $2.

I BELONG TO GOD. By *Lillian Clark*. Longmans. $1.50.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN. By *Robert Browning*. Dutton. $1.50.

DAME WIGGINS OF LEE. By *John Ruskin*. Dutton. $1.

THE ADVENTURES OF ANDREW. By *Eliza Orne White*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

IN ENEMY COUNTRY. By *James Willard Schultz*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

DONA ISABELLA'S ADVENTURES. By *Gladys Blake*. Appleton. $1.75.

FUN WITH FIGURES. By *A. Frederick Collins*. Appleton. $2.

THE BLACKSMITH AND THE BLACKBIRD. By *Edith Rickert*. Doubleday, Doran. 75 cents net.

JOHN MARTIN'S BIG BOOK. Number 12, 1928. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

DERRY. By *Hubert Evans*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

ABE LINCOLN GROWS UP. By *Carl Sandburg*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

THE PICTURE BOOK OF TRAVEL. By *Berta* and *Elmer Hader*. Macmillan. $2.

DRUMBEATER'S ISLAND. By *Kent Curtis*. Appleton. $1.75.

THE LITTLE RED HEN. Illustrated by *Berta* and *Elmer Hader*. Macmillan.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE. Illustrated by *Mary Lott Seaman*. Macmillan.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE CROOKED SIXPENCE. Illustrated by *Berta* and *Elmer Hader*. Macmillan.

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS. Illustrated by *Berta* and *Elmer Hader*. Macmillan.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS. Illustrated by *Kurt Wiese*. Macmillan.

THE NONSENSE A. B. C. By *Edward Lear*. Macmillan.

GIRLS IN AFRICA. By *Erick Berry*. Macmillan. $2.

THE KING OF MELIDO. By *Winifred Peck*. Harpers.

DON. By *Zane Grey*. Harpers. $1.

THE GOLD HE FOUND. By *Carl H. Claudy*. Appleton. $1.75.

ENSIGN WALLY RADNOR, U. S. N. By *Warren Hastings Miller*. Appleton. $1.75.

THE SPY OF SARATOGA. By *Everett T. Tomlinson*. Appleton. $1.75.

HUNT HOLDS THE CENTER. By *Ralph Henry Barbour*. Appleton. $1.75.

GIANTS HOUSE. By *Harford Powel, Jr.*, and *Russel Gordon Carter*. Appleton. $1.75.

THE WHITE COMPANY. By *Sir Arthur Conan Doyle*. Harpers. $2.50.

THE BOYS' BEN HUR. By *Lew Wallace*. Harpers. $2.

TONY SARG'S BOOK OF TRICKS. Greenberg.

FIDDLE DIDDLE DEE. By *Félicité Lefèbre*. Greenberg.

Miscellaneous

FAMOUS FIMMALES WITT ODDER EWENTS FROM HEESTORY. By MILT GROSS. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $1.50.

A happy line in the jacket-flap description of this book is "through the pages of history on the Bronx express." Milt Gross has developed the idiom of the Hebraic Bronx in a masterly manner. His phonetic spelling has conquered the town. His crazy drawing gets only more amusing the more careless it gets. He has staked out a new claim in the literature of the comic and made it entirely his own. He maintains his average. Either you think Milt Gross is just terribly funny or he doesn't appeal to you at all. We are one of his most intense admirers and most avid readers. "Famous Fimmales" we took in our pocket and read during a modest meal, with a bottle of—grape-juice?—in an Italian restaurant. We had a nice evening.

Most masterly, to us, is Mr. Gross's character-sketch of Proserpine in his "chepter," "It gats gradually hooked opp Pluto." Proserpine turns out to have done better for herself in the subterranean regions than has been generally supposed. Then there's the conclusion to "Loocritichia Borgia":

> So it gradually got merried a couple times Loocritchia—wot it conseested de britegroom from a ralative wot it got tweested opp so de femily from huffsprings wot it toined hout a naffew he should be his uncle's grenfodder; de grenfodder was by de son-in-luzz a keed brodder—wot de fodder was by de child a son-in-law—und de tweens was by itch udder grenmodders.

Nor is American history forgotten. Milt Gross's versions of the landing of the Pilgrims, the first Thanksgiving day, the Boston tea-party, "Paul Rewere on a Hussbeck," and the battle of Bunker Hill present absolutely new data on these "ewents." He has accomplished a profoundly unscholarly revision of history. And how!

FIRE EXTINGUISHMENT AND FIRE ALARM SYSTEMS. By *R. Northwood*. Pitman. $2.25.

MARKETING AND ADVERTISING. By *Floyd L. Vaughan*. Princeton University Press. $2.50.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS. By *Silas Bent*. $3.

FOR THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER IN A KITCHENETTE APARTMENT. By *Margaret Pratt Allen* and *Ida Oram Hutton*. Macy-Masius. $1.50.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN POLITICAL THOUGHT. By *Raymond C. Gettell*. Century. $4.

THE LANCE OF JUSTICE. By *John MacArthur Maguire*. Harvard University Press. $3.

INVESTMENT TRUSTS IN AMERICA. By *Marshall H. Williams*. Macmillan. $1.50.

CONQUEST OF LIFE. By *Dr. Serge Voronoff*. Brentanos.

CHAMPIONSHIP BRIDGE. By *R. R. Richards*. Greenberg.

WARPATH AND CATTLE TRAIL. By *Hubert E. Collins*. Morrow. $3.50.

THE STORY OF THE GYPSIES. By *Konrad Bercovici*. Cosmopolitan. $4.

CURIOUS TRIALS AND CRIMINAL CASES. By *Edward Hale Bierstadt*. Coward-McCann. $4.

ABOUT YOUR DOG. By *Robert S. Lemmon*. Stokes. $2.

THE STORY OF YOUTH. By *Lothrop Stoddard*. Cosmopolitan. $2.50.

Poetry

THE POETRY OF FATHER TABB. Edited by FRANCIS A. LITZ. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $3.

A complete volume of Father Tabb's poetic brevities has long been a standing need to students of American poetry. Here we have a most satisfactory book, well printed, and with an interesting introduction by the editor. Five years ago Francis A. Litz gave us "Father Tabb: a Study of His Life and Works" (The Johns Hopkins Press). "A Selection from the Verses of John B. Tabb" was a book that appeared in 1906. But this at last is definitive and comprehensive, and Mr. Litz, Instructor in English at Teachers College, Johns Hopkins University, and Baltimore City College, was eminently qualified to compile the collection. The verse of Father Tabb has for long appealed widely, both to Catholics and to non-Catholics. His epigrammatic gift was great, his insight often profound.

SHEPHERD OF SOULS. By JEAN SMITH. Oxford University Press. 1928. $1.75.

This thin book of musical, chiefly religious verse, dedicated to Rose Macaulay, is distinguished in style, and though somewhat antique in diction conveys much beauty of spirit. Such poems as "Shepherd of Souls" and "Reading the Choephoroe" are particularly striking, especially the latter. Intense feeling finds noble language, and in the many descriptive passages dealing with the English countryside throughout the book, epithet and phrase are finely exact, if not excessively original. This is poetry in a high English tradition, by no means great poetry, but verse that reflects a scholarly and unworldly mind sensitive to deeply emotional rhythms. It is better than the common run of current verse. It is for religious spirits.

SONGS OF NOTHING-CERTAIN. The University of Georgia Verse (1920-1928). Atlanta, Georgia: The Keelin Press. 1928.

Through the financial support of the Phi Beta Kappa Literary Society and the Demosthenian Literary Society of the University of Georgia the publication of this book has been made possible. The editors are Charles Roberts Anderson and Edwin Mallard Everett. For the most part this is undergraduate verse, with the occasional rondeau, no better and no worse than scores of such collections. There are sonnets and songs of love, there are sophomoric outbursts, there is even old Pan still piping. But the technical ease of most of the verse holds some promise.

LOVE AND AFTER. By *Margaret Haynes*. Vinal. $1.50.

LANTERN SLIDES. By *Frederick James Hill*. Vinal. $1.50.

STEADILY rising chorus of critical *acclaim* . . . One of the finest *talents* in contemporary American fiction . . . *Satire* upon the existing state of civilization in these United States and, more immediately in this New York . . . Well-planned *drama* . . . *Irony* sure of its attack . . . Mellow *wisdom* . . . Abundant *humor*. Mr. Nathan's most considerable piece of fiction . . . *Rich*, close to the present . . . *Very fine*, indeed . . . One of those *rarely lovely* books that are read and *reread* with *delight*.

—HERSCHEL BRICKELL in *New York Herald Tribune*

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by L. Adams Beck

(*E. Barrington*)

Chuang Tsu, sophisticated eclectic, grinned at the hard-headed, unreconciled opinions of Confucius and Lao Tsu and impishly quoted the one for the other.

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Confucius pined for a sovereign to let him run a government. Perhaps it was in support of his candidacy for office that he spent his vacations fishing.

We probe the subconscious, but Buddha sat dazzled by a vision of the superconscious. Evolution was an old story to Buddha.

The Yogin hangs his beads and wallet of rice on a bush, sits down any old place, and feels better off than a king.

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